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—A—

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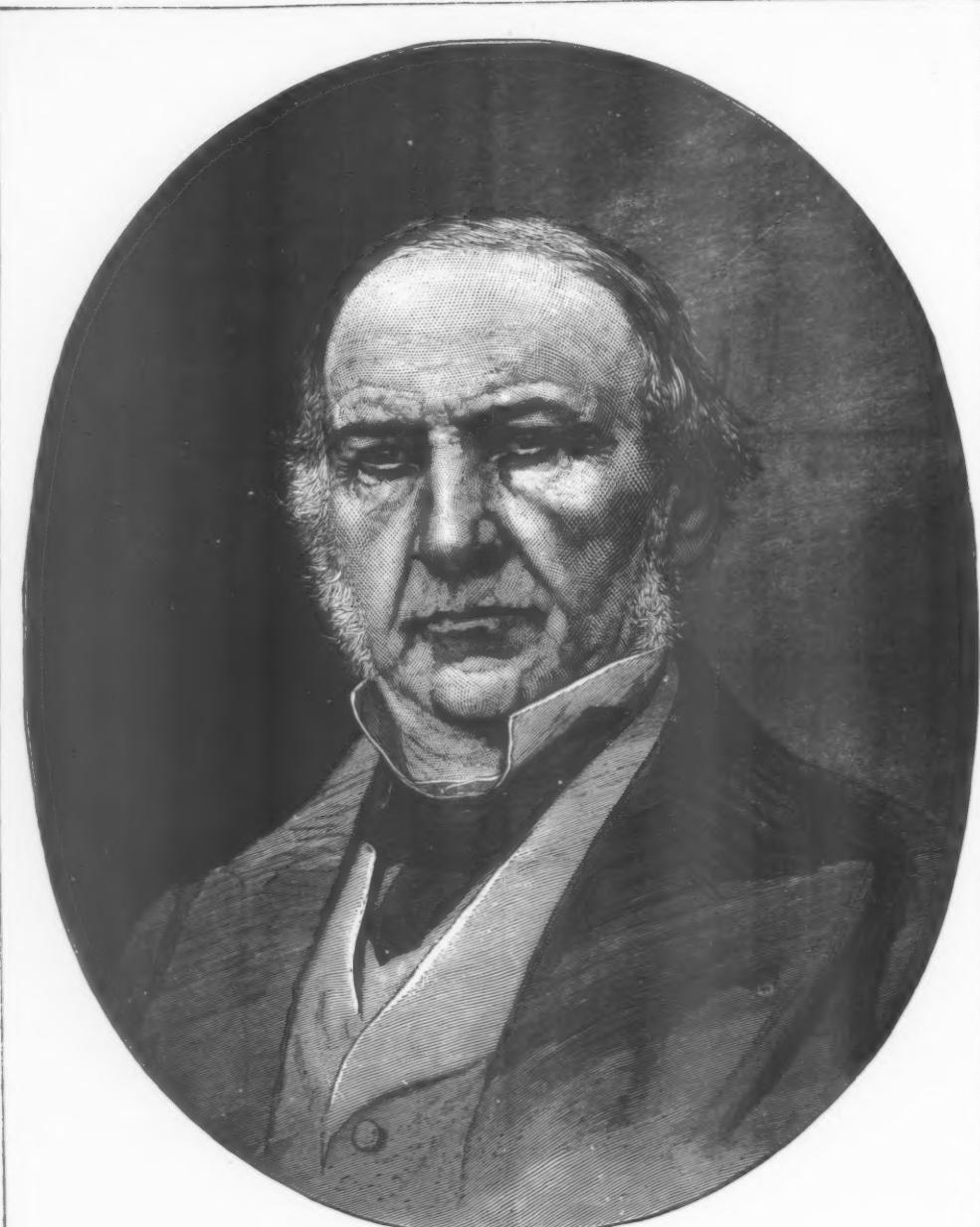
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WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

VOL. I.

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NO. I.

THE STORY OF A BLUE VEIN.

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

I.

RICHARD BOLLMANN found himself in the world without any reason that he could think of. Bollmann, whose name somehow got attached to him, hinted, when he was intoxicated, that he did not hold himself in any way responsible. As Mrs. Bollmann seemed likewise disposed to decline the responsibility, Richard found the problem of his existence quite unnecessarily complicated. If it had not been for little Rikka, who was fond of him, he would have run away from the Bollmanns. To be kicked, and cuffed, and yelled at, all day long, did not agree with him. But Rikka, in spite of her youth, had such a maternal way with her that Richard could never be unhappy when she was with him. She was two years older than he, but of slender growth, with large, thoughtful eyes and pale skin. But her hair was dark and long and her mouth clear-cut and resolute. She was marvelously skillful with her hands, active as a weasel, eager and passionate. What first attracted her to Richard was his helplessness, and, as they grew older, his complete dependence upon her appealed to her little woman's heart. She loved, and petted, and protected him. He filled a void in her barren life; gave her a sense of responsibility which unconsciously she relished. When she sat at night before the fire on the open hearth, weaving baskets, in which art she was an

expert, it filled her with a vague contentment to feel that he was near. She looked up occasionally and met his serious, blue eyes fixed upon her; he was so fine, so handsome, so delicately fashioned; his hair was light and silky; his nose slightly curved and with an expression of princely disdain which she admired immensely. Though he was forced to handle oars and coarse fishing tackle, his hands did not lose their beautiful shape, although, to be sure, they blistered and bled on slight provocation. It was very odd; but it was particularly a large, blue vein in his temple which made Rikka feel that Richard was something apart and exceptional. She had never seen any other person with such a vein. It looked like a lasso flung up in the air and traced itself with a bold curve under the transparent skin, vanishing under the curls about the right ear.

Old Bollmann had once been a pilot, but had been discharged for drunkenness. On the dangerous Pomeranian coast, where he lived, the pilot guild kept strict watch over the habits of its members, and two or three sprees were enough to send a man into retirement. Bollmann's retirement had lasted fully ten years, during which he had lived in comfort, though he had rarely, to anybody's knowledge, earned a shilling. Those who could remember so far back, asserted that for a year the family had starved and frozen; but that, with the strange boy whom they called Richard, prosperity re-entered their cottage. It would have been only fair, the gossips thought, if, considering

what they owed the boy, they had treated him decently. But Bollmann was, as a rule, too drunk to have any sense of fairness, and his wife was a shrew, who would have blustered and scolded in paradise itself. If Rikka had not protected the boy, he would scarcely have grown up without injury to life and limb. But she flung herself in the way of the missiles that were aimed at him; she invented ingenious fictions to shield him from punishment; and, with resolute effrontery, appropriated his misdemeanors. Sometimes she fought fierce battles with her mother on his account and came off victorious.

One fine day, when Bollmann went in person to set his lobster traps, he failed to return, and the next day his body was washed up on the beach. It was the end everybody had been prophesying for him. He had two crushed bottles in his pockets. Mrs. Bollmann's temper grew perceptibly worse after her husband's death, and she scolded and growled from morning till night. She almost hated the little boy, and rarely touched him without leaving a black and blue mark on him. Especially when, without any warning, the mysterious stipend ceased, Mrs. Bollmann went into such paroxysms of rage that Richard ran in terror at the sight of her. For several nights he slept under the boats on the beach, and Rikka, like a faithful raven, brought him the last provisions that were in the house. On the third night she came to him with a face pale with fright, seized his hand and bade him follow. In the cottage they found Mrs. Bollmann lying on the floor—dead. She had died in a paroxysm of wrath. Rikka was then sixteen years old and Richard fourteen.

After the burial and the auction, Rikka had about thirty dollars in her pocket. A small portion of this sum she invested in third-class railroad tickets to Berlin, for herself and Richard. She was silent and determined; but sat all the while smiling to herself as if she had some happy secret. Richard had been so accustomed to look up to her that it did not occur to him now to question the wisdom of anything she chose to do. And when, after their arrival in the city, she proposed that he should go to school, he interposed only a feeble objection. They hired a furnished room, which Rikka divided into two by means of a curtain, and

began their new lives courageously. They were both as happy as larks, who see the world shimmering in sun-lit mist beneath their feet. Rikka made baskets and took in washing and ironing. Gradually she got quite a large trade among the students, because of her peculiar skill in doing up collars. Richard was sent to a gymnasium, where he learned Latin and even Greek, and all sorts of strange sciences. He had to tell Rikka every evening what he had learned, while she stood at the ironing board, and her eager face shone with delight as she listened to him. When he told her something which she did not understand she would give a thump with her iron and nod with triumphant delight; for then she knew that her judgment was right; that Richard would learn to be a gentleman, and was endowed beyond the measure of simple creatures like herself. "Lord knows, Dick, how your brain can hold all those queer things," she would say, admiringly, as her dimpled arms moved up and down the board; "but it is what I have always said about you, Dick. You were born to be a gentleman, Dick. You weren't our kind, Dick. I saw that the moment I clapped eyes on you, though you were only a small baby then; I wasn't much more myself. But that blue vein you have in your temple, Dick, I never saw that on common folks. That blue vein, Dick, that means something, and it means good luck, as sure as my name is Rikka Bollmann. That's the reason I wanted you to go to school and grow up as a gentleman, Dick; for if your fine folks should come some day and claim you, I want to be able to say to them: Here he is, ladies and gentlemen, and as blamed good as any of you! Supposing they should come and find you a ragged fisher boy, who sits barefooted in the sun, and hasn't got neither manners nor learning. Why, Dick, they would turn up their noses at you, no matter whether you were their own flesh and blood. They wouldn't take you by the hand and say, 'Look a' here, Dick, we've played a shabby trick on you; but we won't do it no more. Now you shall wear a tall silk hat, and orders on your breast, and ride on a big horse with a big curved neck, and froth dripping from his bit.' They wouldn't say that to you, Dick, if you were a barefooted ragamuffin, with no manners nor learning."

She would go on thus by the hour, while she sprinkled her shirts, wet her fingers and touched them to the iron to see if it was too hot, stirred the starch and attended to other details of her work. It was obvious that she had dwelt long and fondly upon this vision of Richard's meeting with his kindred; for every time she returned to it, it had gained new freshness of detail in her mind. She was indefatigably active from morning till night; never for a moment did he see her idle. She cut and made his clothes, which caused him considerable mortification during the first year he went to school. But then, by a kind of maternal intuition, she discovered that they were not right and scolded him for not having told her. She then went on a sham purchasing expedition in order to get a chance to study the tailor-made article, and made haste to profit by her observations. Once only did she cause him embarrassment, and that came about most innocently. She received a circular from the school authorities, inviting parents and guardians to be present at the annual examinations. As Richard's guardian, she thought she might claim to be admitted; for she would have liked so much to have the right to feel publicly proud of him. So she dressed herself in her best and presented herself at the door of the examination room. The door-keeper refused to admit her; then the Bollmann wrath rose within her and she pushed the little man roughly aside. In his fall he kicked the door open and the pompous principal rose from his desk and inquired freezing whom she wished to see. She paused for a moment, surveying the class.

"No one," she said, with a little gulp; "no offence, sir; it was a mistake."

She made a hurried courtesy, and was about to retire, when Richard rose and turned to the principal.

"She wishes to see me, sir," he said calmly; "with your permission, I will conduct her to a seat."

The teacher nodded gravely. Richard walked to the door, and, with flaming cheeks, took Rikka's hand and conducted her to one of the front seats.

"God bless you for that, Dick," she whispered in his ear, as with a bow he left her.

The next moment he was called up for

examination, and, for the first time in his life, made a failure. He was so agitated that the walls danced about him; the names, dates, and events were jumbled together in hopeless confusion. Rikka, too, was so anxious that she could scarcely keep from crying. She had a great clearance of vision as she sat there among all the dignified parents and heard the boys snickering behind her. When she got home she took Dick in her arms and wept over him and called him a brave, noble boy. She had a dim feeling of what it had cost him, on that occasion, to be brave and noble.

From that day, however, her feeling for the boy underwent a change. Her sense of protectorship vanished, and a strange shyness sometimes came over her in his presence. She studied to please him, not in her deeds only, but also in her appearance. All sorts of strange thoughts invaded her brain, which formerly had had no place there. It never occurred to her any more to pat him on the cheek while he sat studying, or to kiss him when he came home from school; and she surprised herself one day by proposing to hire the garret on the top floor for his bedroom and study. The eagerness with which he accepted the proposition hurt her a little; and when, in order to make amends, he kissed her on the cheek, a slight shiver ran through her. She gave a little embarrassed laugh, and the next moment blushed furiously.

II.

WHEN Richard was nineteen years old, he entered the university and began the study of law. He supported himself by proofreading for a newspaper and by tutoring in a nobleman's family. Life was beginning to show some of its interesting phases to him, and, with the courage of an explorer, he started out, determined to conquer success. He adapted himself with marvelous ease to luxurious ways, and caught the social tone of the highest circles, as it were, instinctively. In the house of the Baroness Schaffhausen, whose sons he instructed in the classics, he met the *beau monde* of the capital; whirled beautiful women through shining halls, drank champagne and ate dainty dishes. But a pang always nestled in his breast when, in the small hours of the night, he

wended his way homeward. He thought of Rikka, standing at her ironing board or weaving baskets until her finger tips were so sore that the tears came into her eyes when he shook hands with her. How much nobler and grander Rikka was, with her resolute will and her perseverance in self-sacrificing toil, than the pleasure-seeking triflers whom he met in the gay salons. A great tenderness for her began to arise in his heart at the thought of what she had been to him and what she had done for him. Gradually, as the world taught him to perceive and to judge, he learned to estimate the magnitude of her sacrifice. Her pale, earnest face acquired a beauty in his eyes that no other face ever possessed. The very restraint that had stolen into their relation, the shy reserve with which, at times, she hedged herself about, made her more precious in his sight. Constantly oscillating, as he did, between the extremes of society, seeing the frivolity, the glitter and the sham of the favored few, and the unrelieved monotony of toil that falls to the share of the multitude, he could not help being impressed with the contrast. It even seemed at times as if he must choose between the two worlds, since they were so wide apart, so irreconcilable. Would he be a worker in the world at Rikka's side, or would he be a frivolous pleasure-seeker. That he belonged by birth to the gay and refined world, he vaguely felt; and that Rikka, in giving him the chance of an education, had meant to place him where he originally belonged, was also plain to him. But could he ever draw her up into this world? He knew he could not. Even his own position, as long as he clung in gratitude to her, was insecure. He carried his head like a man who had ancestors; and society, at first sight, took it for granted that he had them. When he began to be noticed and discussed, however, it was found that he was a plebeian, and society resented its own mistake as if it had been he who had endeavored to impose upon it. But the snubs which he had to endure did not break his courage; they aroused his defiance.

One day, in the Baroness von Schaffhausen's salon he found himself face to face with a lady who started at the sight of him. Wherever he turned, during the entire evening, he found the lady's eyes fixed upon him as with a strange fascination. At last, when

most of the guests had gone, she requested an introduction. She was well up in the forties, but stately and handsome. "Countess Turgau," said the hostess, "permit me to present to you Mr. Bollmann."

The Countess sank down upon a lounge and, with a strained society smile, begged Mr. Bollmann to be seated next to her.

"Pray tell me something about yourself," she said, with a pathetic attempt at indifference; "you remind me strikingly of a friend I once held very dear. That blue vein in your temple has a positive fascination for me. He had one exactly like it."

Richard gave briefly a few reminiscences of his joyless childhood.

"Pardon me," said the Countess, before he had proceeded far in his narrative, "I shall have to leave you."

She took his arm, but trembled in spite of her effort to be calm.

"I am not quite well," she explained, with the same strained smile; "please take me to the dressing-room."

The next day he received a note from the Countess, begging him to call upon her. The flunkies at the door did their best to stare him out of countenance, as he entered, but he refused to be overawed. The Countess gave him her hand with languid grace, and gazed into his eyes with a strange, yearning tenderness. She questioned him with a transparent pretense of indifference about the Bollmanns and his early life. When he came to tell of Rikka's self-sacrificing zeal for his welfare, his words grew warmer and more eloquent. He scarcely noticed, at first, that there was a sudden chill in the Countess' manner, at the mention of the girl's name.

"I suppose this young woman is—is—what shall I say?—your fiancée?" she queried cautiously.

"Rikka my fiancée!" Richard could not help laughing at the absurdity of the thing. "Oh, not at all," he added.

"What is she, then, to you?" asked the Countess.

"What is she to me? Why, she is everything to me! She is my—my—Rikka."

"Exactly! She is your Rikka."

The interview came quickly to an end; a singular constraint had suddenly come between them. When he reached home, Rikka was breathlessly awaiting him. She

was expecting to see him return as a prince or a duke, or, at the very least, a baron. That the Countess had sought his acquaintance and interested herself in his biography out of pure curiosity, she could not be made to believe. She cross-examined him so shrewdly and unweariedly that, inadvertently, the secret escaped him. He turned with shame the moment he had allowed her to suspect it. It was amazing how quick she was to seize the idea. She who was his best and only friend in the world, she who had made him what he was, she was the stumbling block in his way; she was the obstacle to his reaching what, without her, he never could have thought of reaching. The thought was a painful one to Rikka; it stung and humiliated her.

III.

FOR three days Rikka wrestled with her resolution. She ironed with a fierce, ruthless vigor. The perspiration rolled in large drops down her forehead. It was terrible. How hard it was to come to a decision! She singed the shirt of a professor of philosophy, and the cuffs of a captain in the horse guards. The discoveries she was making in her own heart appalled her. She blushed guiltily. Good God! that she could be so depraved, she who had prided herself on the purity of her motives, she who had gloried in her disinterestedness! And this was the outcome of her dreams and struggles; her labor by day and by night; her noble aspirations! There was something pathetically absurd to Rikka in her situation. It was a grand collapse, a humiliating failure. In order to chastise herself, and perhaps also to save her self-respect, she determined to force herself to the sacrifice. She was in Richard's way now; she could no more advance his interests. It was her obvious duty to betake herself out of sight, so that his mother would have no excuse for failing to acknowledge him; and yet, before ascertaining this, would it be Rikka's duty to throw her own happiness away? No; that would be folly. She would make a definite bargain with the Countess. If the Countess acknowledged her son, she would go to America. If she refused—ah! yes, if she refused! Rikka, in a moment of forgetfulness, prayed to heaven

that she would refuse. Then she would persuade Richard to cross the Atlantic with her, and in that great, free land beyond the sea, where there were said to be no distinctions of rank and social station, there he would learn to judge her for her worth; to love her, perhaps, because of her great love for him; and the barrier between them, which she had herself raised, would vanish.

It was these meditations that occupied Rikka's mind, as she presented herself at the house of the Countess von Turgau, and, without much delay, was ushered into the presence of the great lady. Her pale face flushed as she entered, and, from sheer nervousness, the tears came into her eyes. The Countess, whose lithe figure reclined upon a lounge, wrapped in lace and exquisite drapery, stared hard at her through her eyeglasses.

"You are the young person whom Mr. Bollmann mentioned to me," she observed coolly.

"I am Rikka Bollmann," answered the girl simply.

"And to what do I owe the honor of your visit?"

Rikka detected the note of irony in this question, but she determined, for Richard's sake, not to heed it; for she felt convinced, the moment she put her eyes on the Countess' face, that she had found Richard's mother. The shape of the mouth and chin, the expression of the eyes, and the disdainful nostrils were all Richard's.

"I came to speak to you of—your—of Mr. Bollmann," she said; "I think—that is—I believe—you are interested in him."

"Yes, it would give me great pleasure if I could do anything for him."

"Do anything for him, ma'am! He is not in need of alms, thank God! and he is quite able to take care of himself."

Rikka flared up a little; she quite misunderstood the Countess' meaning; she did not know the system of protection and intrigue by which a man's fortunes are advanced in the shadow of a court. It occurred to her, just then, that it might be well to hasten her errand; for, before getting her out of the way, the Countess would evidently make no compromising concessions in regard to Richard.

"What I wanted to say, ma'am," she went on, catching her breath, and hastily brushing

away a tear, "what I wanted to say was this: If I am in your way, ma'am, or, I mean if I am in his way, I wouldn't for the world stay near him; if you think that I injure him— injure his prospects, I mean, ma'am—I'll go far away—to America, ma'am—and never see his face again, if by staying I keep his own kinsfolks from giving him the name that is his due. It was for this I tried to do right by him, ma'am, not letting him grow up as a beggar, as he would have done, if it had not been for me."

The Countess, who felt the sting of reproof in this remark, seemed to have great difficulty in getting her pillows to rights.

"You acted very properly, I think," she observed languidly.

"Acted properly!"

The Bollmann wrath rose in Rikka's breast, and she advanced fearlessly up to the lounge of the Countess. Was she to endure such insolent patronage from the very woman whose duties she had shouldered after she herself had shamefully shirked them?

"Countess," she ejaculated, "if you think I am going to go away leaving Richard to your tender mercies, without coming to an agreement with you first, then you do not know me. It is no use pretending any longer. Your face tells no lies, even though your tongue may. You bore him under your heart, ma'am, and you know it as well as I do. Now, if you will acknowledge to him that you are his mother, I'll not stand in his way; I'll go as I have said; but I'll not go and then leave you to shirk your duty again, as you have done before. There is no sense in that."

She stared defiantly at the Countess, who was bending over her vinaigrette, visibly avoiding her glance. If somebody had taken her by the shoulders and shaken her, she could not have been more frightened. A scene of any sort always unnerved her and made her tremulous and uncomfortable. Rikka, who supposed that it was her conscience that smote her, was eager to follow up her advantage.

"You know, ma'am," she went on in a gentler voice, "I knew well enough that Dick wasn't my mother's child; and I knew, too, that he couldn't have come out of the ground. That blue vein in his temple, I said to myself, 'that means something; it

means that he has high kinsfolks, and that some day they will come and claim him.' Some day, I thought, they would come and say to him, 'Look here, Dick, we have been playing a shabby trick on you, denying you your birthright.' Then I could say in return, 'Here he is, ladies and gentlemen, as sweet and good and pure a lad as ever breathed on God's earth!' And often I thought, too, of his mother, ma'am, who had borne him under her heart and had never seen him since the hour of his birth. She, I thought, cannot choke her love for him, however she may try; and when she sees him, so good, and pure, and beautiful, her eyes will be blinded with tears of joy, and in her heart she will thank me for the years I've kept him in trust for her. She will give herself no peace, ma'am—this is what I kept saying to myself—until she has put her arms about his neck, and cried over him, and kissed him, and claimed as her own all the love that, for want of a mother, he has been giving to me."

The tears now rolled down Rikka's cheeks, and she made no attempt to brush them away. The Countess had buried her face in the pillow and lay motionless. Once her shoulders shook as if she was shivering. Presently she struggled up to a sitting position, and the pallor in her face changed to a feverish red. She put her hand to her forehead, as if she were battling with a momentous resolution. But the weakness of her nature apparently conquered.

"I am somewhat indisposed to-day," she said, turning wearily to Rikka; "you will do me the favor to leave me for the present."

Rikka stared in blank bewilderment. She had expected quite a different termination. She took the invitation to leave as positively insulting.

"Shame on you, ma'am!" she burst forth, planting herself boldly in front of the Countess; "shame on you! you don't deserve to be his mother. If you don't want him—you, to whom God gave him—then I tell you, ma'am, that I do. I sha'n't fling him at your head a second time. You will grow old, in childless age, ma'am, and you will have no son, whom you can be proud of, to lean upon. Then, ma'am, you'll rue the day you turned your back upon your own flesh and blood."

It was inconceivable that the Countess von

Turgau could listen so meekly to reproaches from a person like Rikka. But her effort not to betray herself absorbed her energies completely. Her dignity seemed dead or too weak to assert itself. She listened to Rikka's insulting remarks with no more indignation than if they had been addressed to the man in the moon. She was conscious only of a painful strain on her mind, and a desperate determination not to forfeit her social station by giving free rein to her emotions. But when Rikka was gone and the Countess sat alone in her gorgeous salon, staring at the dancing cupids in the ceiling, a terrible loneliness came over her. Everything in the world seemed empty and valueless, everything except the filial love which she had rejected. She remembered the day he was born; how he looked at her with his serious child eyes, the first and only time she held him at her breast, and how she trembled at the sight of the blue vein. She remembered his small, pudgy hands, fumbling aimlessly over her bosom, and that memory brought the tears to her eyes. She flung herself down and wept. She had been betrothed to the Lieutenant von Teplitz, his father, and they had loved each other dearly. It was that blue vein in his right temple, with its bold curve, as of a lasso flung into the air, which had been the occasion of their first acquaintance. It had a romance, a lurid, mediaeval one, about a guilt-stained ancestress, and it was after having heard the romance that her curiosity was excited to know the possessor of such a delightful distinction. The acquaintance led to love and love to quarrels. Her brother made the matter ten times worse by his interference; was challenged by Von Teplitz and seriously wounded. The birth of the child in some remote corner of Italy made no difference. It was taken away from her, and she was given to understand that Von Teplitz had claimed it and was caring for it. When he died the support had evidently ceased, and the boy would have grown up in ignorance and poverty, if it had not been for the brave girl who had sacrificed her own welfare to save him. Ah! there was the romance again, the romance of the blue vein.

As all these memories rushed back upon the Countess, her nervousness increased. Since her husband, the Count von Turgau, died, she had been obliged to accustom herself

to solitude. But such a terrible, oppressive void as to-day surrounded her she had never before been conscious of. A chill vapor seemed to inwrap her mind and to rest upon everything that she gazed upon. She loathed herself, and yet had not the courage to redeem her self-respect at the price that it would cost. In sheer despair, in order to escape from herself, she ordered her carriage and drove out through the Brandenburg gate into the Thiergarten.

IV.

DAY after day the Countess drove through the Thiergarten, Unter den Linden, out to Potsdam; in fact, everywhere she could think of; but her restlessness increased, rather than diminished. Her conscience was like an accusing voice, ever pursuing her, crying in her ear night and day: "Shame on you; you have denied your own flesh and blood."

However fast the horses ran, they did not seem to the Countess to run fast enough. She would have liked to jump out and push the carriage. She did not know what a futile task it is to run away from a bad conscience. She wrote a polite note to Mr. Bollmann, begging him to come and see her, and received an equally formal reply, declining her invitation. He evidently was as proud as she; and, what was worse, he probably despised her. That was a torturing thought. If the girl had told him of the scene between them, as no doubt she had, then he must share her conviction, and he must believe his mother a shallow and heartless creature, whom it was scarcely worth the trouble to claim. And how that brave, self-sacrificing girl must shine by comparison; she who, though she had no obligation toward him, had shouldered the duty that his own father and mother had shirked. Through the long, sleepless nights the Countess imagined the conversation between them, their contemptuous reference to herself, their reveling in the secure sense of mutual devotion. Nay, she imagined, with an exquisite pang of jealousy, how her own faithlessness must have heightened this sense and drawn them more closely together. That was the last drop that made her cup of bitterness overflow. She could endure it no longer. Yielding to an impulse that welled up from

the depth of her soul, she sprang to her feet, resolved to be brave. She rang the bell and ordered her carriage. It was about 8 o'clock in the evening and quite dark. The coachman dropped his hat with astonishment when he was told where to drive. He thought his mistress had gone mad.

Half an hour's drive brought the Countess to the obscure street where Rikka Bollmann's laundry was situated. She directed the coachman to ring the door bell, which he did with vigor. But no one came to open the door. She put her head out of the carriage window and noticed that the house looked dark and deserted. A vague apprehension came over her; she stared at the black façade of the house despairingly. A girl who came out of the bakeshop next door stopped to gaze at the fine carriage.

"Can you tell me," asked the Countess, "if there is a young student named Bollmann living in the house?"

"Yes; but he has gone to America," said the girl.

"America!"

The Countess fell back in her seat, with a swimming sensation in her head. She did not shriek; she wished she could have shrieked. But she moved and spoke with a nameless oppression, as if a nightmare, clammy and leaden, were weighing upon her breast.

She roused herself with an effort and her pallid face was revealed in the light of the gas lamp.

"When did he go?" she asked in a hoarse, strained voice.

"To-day," said the girl; "about noon. The ship sails from Bremen to-morrow."

To-morrow! Ah, then there was yet hope. The Countess, inspired with the energy of despair, drove to the railroad station as fast as her horses could carry her, and caught the Bremen night express. All her petty misgivings had suddenly been dissipated. She feared, but no longer for herself. Her only fear was that she might come too late; that she might lose her son. It seemed inconceivable to her that she could ever have hesitated. To have a son, flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood, one who owed his life to her, whom she could lean upon in her old age, whose beauty and manly accomplishments she could feel proud of: it seemed inconceivable that she could have weighed

the empty honors of her shallow and meaningless life against the enduring happiness of such a relation. All night long her feelings alternated between joy and apprehension—joy at the thought that she had a son, and apprehension lest he might disown her.

From the guards on the train she obtained all the information she could in regard to the transatlantic steamships. She was told that their time of sailing varied with the tide. But about the present condition of the tide no one knew anything. The journey seemed endless. She had never known a train to crawl along so slowly before, and to make so many irritating stops. She felt tempted to confide to the guard, with plebeian impetuosity, how much she had at stake, hoping that, perhaps, if he knew he might hurry on the train. But, though she had fully made up her mind when the moment came for speaking, her lifelong habit of reserve reasserted itself. At last, when she had given up the hope of reaching Bremen, there was a jingling of bells and blowing of whistles and much excited running, from which she concluded that she was at the end of her journey. She rushed out the moment her compartment was unlocked, threw herself into a carriage, flung a twenty-mark piece to the driver, and told him breathlessly to take her to the pier of the North German Lloyd in Bremerhaven. With a quaking heart, she counted the minutes. She knew it was not permitted to drive fast in the streets of the city. Oh, God! if she should be late! She would never find peace again in all the days of her life. With a hungry, anxious tenderness, she pictured to herself the scene of the meeting, felt his arms about her neck, and her head reposing upon his breast. Then, again, the other possibility, the terrible possibility that he might already be lost to her. She saw the forest of masts in the harbor. It came nearer and nearer. The horses turned into a narrow alley, black with coal dust, then galloped out upon an open wharf. There lay the great steamer, smoking and puffing. Thank God! then he was not lost. But what was that? The whistles were blowing! The gangboard was being pulled up. Stay! in the name of heaven, stay! But one instant—one second! The Countess leaped out of the carriage and stood scanning the dense throng

of faces, leaning over the gunwale. To her dazed eyes they all seem a confused blur. She sees them all, and she sees them not; and yet, there at Rikka's side, yes, that radiant face at his side is Rikka's; she sees a grave and handsome countenance, which makes her tremble with fear and with joy. She tries to call him by name but her voice sticks in her throat. She tries to scream, but she cannot. Oh, God! There, the steamer begins to move, to glide slowly out from the wharf. Now Rikka has caught sight of her; her features are suddenly darkened! There is a moment's struggle. Then she touches Richard's arm; he starts, and sees his mother on the pier, but a few feet away from him, stretching out her arms to him.

"Come!" she cries, suddenly finding her voice.

"Countess von Turgau!" he exclaims.

"No, child!" she calls back, despairingly; "it is your mother!"

Then, amid the smoke and the cheering, and the noise of brass bands and shrieking whistles, a figure is seen rising up on the gunwale. He stands, hesitating, looking now at the girl on the boat, now at his mother. The boat glides on. His form stands in relief against the sky. He is on the point of leaping. Cheer after cheer goes up around him. He turns once more to Rikka, gazes at her fondly; she has conquered. He waves his hand sadly to the Countess von Turgau, and leaps down upon the deck, clasping Rikka in his arms.

The Countess cannot quite believe it. She stares at the great black hull that is now speeding out through the harbor, as if she expected it, by some miraculous chance, to alter its course and come back to her. But slowly, as it fades from her sight among the light mists of the morning, the hope fades from her soul.

A PEOPLE GOVERNED TO DEATH.

By FRANK P. SMITH.

THE Irish question has again assumed extraordinary prominence. The return to the British Parliament of eighty-six Irish Nationalists out of the delegation of one hundred and three allowed to Ireland; the part that they played in overturning the cabinet of Lord Salisbury and the reinstatement of Mr. Gladstone as Premier; the widespread distress and discontent throughout Ireland; and, finally, the energetic demand for an independent Irish legislature, indicate that England is on the eve of a more important struggle than that which culminated in the land legislation of Mr. Gladstone in 1881. To the enemies of Ireland, it presents the aspect of a revolution that is to destroy the unity of the British empire; to the friends of Ireland, it is the complete solution of the Irish question. Which view is the true one?

Before an answer can be given, it is necessary to inquire into the causes of the present fierce agitation. Happily, there is no occasion to give more than a hasty historical review of the relations of England and Ireland, that have left so profound and distress-

ing effects. The facts in regard to this subject are known of all intelligent men; they are admitted by all fair-minded men. For more than 600 years England has governed Ireland like a conquered province that refused to swear allegiance to the victor. The land, originally owned by the Irish people, has been taken from them and given to the soldiers and the favorites of the conqueror. The Irish people themselves have been reduced to a condition of servitude scarcely less pitiful than that of slaves. The legislation enacted for the Irish people has discriminated against them most unjustly and most barbarously. It prescribed their religion; it destroyed their trade; it ruined their industries. A more perfect scheme than the penal laws and kindred enactments could not have been devised by vengeance itself to reduce a people to a nation of beggars, idlers, traitors, and murderers. No one can read the pages of Irish history without a shudder; they explain why the Irish people are so poor; why they are so unhappy; why their activities are confined to grazing sheep and cattle, to cultivating

potatoes, and to the promotion of a desperate political agitation.

But a study of the present condition of Ireland is of more importance even than the study of her past history. It throws floods of light on the inadequacy of Mr. Gladstone's famous land legislation as a remedy for the terrible evils from which that unhappy country is suffering; it establishes the fact that the remedy must be more radical and comprehensive, must be political, instead of economic; and furnishes the amplest justification for the demand for Home-rule or self-government, that the Irish Nationalists are putting forward with so much pertinacity. It shows that this legislation was an unsuccessful attempt to destroy one evil only; to give the tenant certainty of tenure; to allow him compensation for improvements on his holding; to establish fair rents by an appeal to the land courts; to give him a chance to become a land owner; in a word, to destroy the evil of landlordism. But the rapacity of the landlord has not been curbed. He still seeks to extort from his tenants all the rent that he can possibly get; he still does not hesitate, whenever the misfortune of the tenant or a defect in the land law gives him the opportunity, to commit all the atrocities of an eviction, which Mr. Gladstone once denounced as equivalent to murder. Only the other day, the daily newspapers were filled with the shocking details of an eviction on the estates of Lord Kenmare, in the romantic and world-famous district of Killarney. A body of the constabulary, surrounded by an indignant crowd of men, women, and children, went to the house of William Daly, one frosty morning, with the wind whistling from the snow-capped mountains in the distance, and drove his wife and ten children out into the wintry cold, which forced them to take refuge in a shed, threw the furniture on the hard, frozen ground in the yard, nailed up the doors and windows of the house, and then departed for another place to repeat their savage duties. The land of Ireland is still in the hands of landlords. It is still in the iron grip of the law of primogeniture and entail. It is still as far as ever from the reach of the Irish people, from whom it was feloniously grasped.

The wretched failure of the Gladstone legislation to wipe out of existence the evil of landlordism has convinced the Irish leaders

of the absolute incapacity of the British Parliament to deal effectively and justly with the multitude of other evils that afflict the Irish people. They saw long ago that this is a work that must be left to an Irish Parliament, a parliament that understands the needs of the Irish people; that is in sympathy with them; that is willing and ready to accede to their just demands. Therefore, their contention now is for a political reform. When it has been granted, they will be in a position to secure from their own legislature the economic reforms that the welfare and happiness of the Irish people require.

But there is another reason why an Irish Parliament should and must be granted. That reason is the ineffectiveness and despotism of the present system of governing Ireland. So discredited has this system become that there is scarcely an English statesman of prominence or an English newspaper of influence, that does not demand its immediate abolition.

A brief description of what is known as the "Castle," a name given to a huge, barrack-like structure in Dublin, in which the lord-lieutenant, chief secretary and subordinate officials carry on the task of governing Ireland, will be quite sufficient to show the need of a new system of government in that terribly misruled country. The Castle is an absolute despot. It is in no way amenable to public opinion in Ireland. Although it does not, like most absolute despots, look only to heaven for a superior, it is only accountable to the cabinet that may be in power in England. The lord-lieutenant and the chief secretary are the appointees of the ministry. They are assisted by a privy council of fifty-two members, one being the Prince of Wales, one the Duke of Cambridge, two Protestant archbishops, fifteen noblemen from lords to dukes, fifteen ex-chief secretaries, lord chancellors, etc., fourteen judges and law officers, and other persons who can have but little or no knowledge of the people of Ireland or sympathy with them. The Castle appoints and controls the inspector-general, who, in his turn, appoints and controls 13,000 police. It appoints and controls the three members of the local government board, who, in their turn, appoint half (the other half being elected) and control all the poor law guardians. It appoints and controls the board of public

works, consisting of three persons, who have the entire management of public works and public loans; the prison board, with two members, who have charge of all the prisons and name all the prison officers and keepers; the board of national education, which, to a large degree, is responsible for the work of Irish education. The Castle has entire charge of the hospitals and asylums, appointing both the visiting and resident physicians. It has entire charge, too, of drainage, surveys, fisheries, charitable donations, endowed schools, public records, and a multitude of other matters pertaining to the administration of public affairs. To the Castle, also, is intrusted the appointment and control of the 4,000 and more paid and unpaid magistrates, mostly landlords or their agents, that are to be found in every part of Ireland. The army of from 30,000 to 50,000, according to circumstances (quartered on that wretched country, to keep 5,000,000 people in subjection), is obedient to Castle orders. And to all this must be added the astounding fact that, while nearly eighty per cent. of the people of Ireland are Catholics, the hosts of officials who govern them are, with but few exceptions, Protestant Englishmen!

The local government of Ireland is scarcely more representative of the interests and opinions of the Irish people than the Castle. The country is divided into thirty-two counties, and the latter into 325 baronies. The affairs of the county are entrusted chiefly to a body called the grand jury, composed of twenty-three members. These members are appointed by the high sheriff, who is himself a creature of the Castle. He selects one member from each barony, and as a county often contains less than twenty-three baronies, he has ample opportunity to exercise his discretion, which, as a rule, is shaped by the ignorance and prejudice of the Castle. In filling out the list of grand jurors, he takes into consideration, not the fitness, but the wealth and social standing, of the appointees. The grand jury, thus constituted without the slightest regard for the wishes and welfare of the Irish people themselves, meet twice a year, and in a few hours on those two occasions, vote the appropriations that may be thought to be necessary or that may be required by statute. The sum thus hastily and almost heedlessly

levied upon the taxpayers throughout Ireland, is over \$6,000,000 a year. The government of the cities is somewhat more democratic than that of the counties, but it has no control whatever over the police or the local magistrates. These necessary and efficient instruments of order are, as has already been said, under the control of the Castle.

Let us stop for a moment and consider this state of affairs. Let us try to realize, as well as we can, what it means. And for this purpose let us suppose, for example, that the people of the State of New York sustained the same relation to the federal government that the Irish people do to the English government. In that case, the President would appoint the Governor and Lieutenant-governor of New York, who would be assisted by a privy council, not a member of which would be elected by the inhabitants of New York; not a member of which, moreover, could be elected by those inhabitants, because of the hatred and detestation that they felt toward him. The Governor, Lieutenant-governor, and privy council would appoint and control all the police, judges, justices of the peace, and police justices throughout the state; they would have similar authority over the public and private schools, the poor houses, hospitals, asylums and other charitable institutions, the prisons, penitentiaries and jails, public works and public loans, drainage, docks, etc., that are now entrusted to men elected by the entire people of the state, or by the people of a county or town, or are relegated to private corporations or to private individuals; they would appoint and control the sheriffs, who summoned the boards of supervisors in the various counties, composed of men chosen for their wealth and social standing, and not for their fitness or because they represented the interests and opinions of the people.

To make the analogy more perfect, let us suppose that all these officials were of a religion and nationality different from that of the people of New York; let us suppose, also, that they considered the people whom they were appointed to govern, poor, lazy, ignorant, superstitious, priest-ridden, and seditious, and only fit to cut bogs, tend cattle and sheep, and work for landlords for the salt and potatoes that they eat; let us suppose, moreover, that the people of the State of New York, hated and despised, constantly

at the point of starvation, and with no voice in the way that they should be governed, reciprocated this unjust and hostile feeling; that they looked upon their rulers as a pack of wolves, destitute of truth, honesty, sincerity, and morality, whose only aim was to prey upon their victims as much as possible, in the name of law, order, and civilization; let us suppose, finally, that whenever the people of New York required legislative authority to build a bridge or a dock, to erect a jail or an almshouse, to construct a railroad or a canal, or to do the many well-known duties that are now done by the state legislature, the board of supervisors, and town meeting, they were forced to appeal to Congress, a body overwhelmed with vastly more important business, and composed of men, a majority of whom were aliens, either hostile or indifferent to their interests and welfare: then we shall have a faint idea of the deplorable relations existing between the governing and the governed in Ireland.

It must begin to be evident by this time that Mr. Gladstone's land legislation, even if it had been successful, was wholly incapable of solving the Irish problem. It must be evident, too, that the Irish problem involves something more than economic questions; it involves political questions, and it will never be solved, we may be sure, until Castle government is torn up root and branch and the control of Irish affairs placed entirely in the hands of the Irish people. The first and last great step to be taken to accomplish this urgent and gigantic reform is, therefore, the creation in Dublin of an Irish Parliament. The Irish people, like the people of the State of New York, must be permitted to enjoy the blessings of local self-government, to elect the members of their own legislature and to say how much they shall be taxed and for what purposes. They must be permitted to have their own county and town, as well as municipal, governments. Their judges, their justices of the peace, their police justices, their sheriffs, and the members of their great governing boards, must be men of their own selection. With the possession of a national legislature will come a solution of the land question, the revival of Irish trade and industry, and the abolition of those economic evils, the growth of centuries of oppression, that have been so fatal to the peace, contentment, and prosperity of the

Irish people. Ireland will no longer be dependent for needed reforms upon an ignorant, a prejudiced, and an overburdened British Parliament. She can then look, as the people of New York now look, to her own elected representatives for whatever legislation her interests may require.

We are now in a position to answer the question with which the first paragraph of this article closes. The present formidable agitation of the Irish people is not a revolution to destroy the unity of the British empire. It is an effort to secure justice; "to obtain for Ireland," to use the words of Mr. Justin McCarthy, "such a system of national government, self-government, as is enjoyed by every state in the American Union, by the Australian colonies, and by the Dominion of Canada." The success of this effort will be a blessing not only to Ireland, but to England as well. At present the time and energy of the British Parliament is largely expended in the consideration of Irish affairs. The duties of the British Parliament should pertain exclusively to imperial matters, to those questions that affect England, Scotland, and Ireland alike. But, instead of this, it is asked to consider a thousand trivial matters that ought to be left to the local governments of these countries. Think of the time of the great British Parliament being taken up with such questions as these, which were actually asked by Irish members, who had no other way of getting a hearing and of obtaining an abatement of the wrongs complained of: Why was a school closed at Murget, in the county of Limerick? Why did a sheriff's officer seize a bedroom at Kin-sale? Why were certain magistrates promoted out of order? Why was a police hut removed from one part of Clare to another? Why was a certain constable transferred from one part of Ireland to another? Why were certain Nationalist school teachers threatened with dismissal because they had failed at a banquet to drink a toast to the lord-lieutenant, although they had shown their loyalty to the crown by drinking to the health of the Queen? Ought not the great British Parliament to be engaged in more dignified and important business than listening to such questions and their answers? Is it any wonder that the imperial legislators have no time to discuss the land question in Scotland and England, no opportunity to

reform the laws of primogeniture and entail, to reconstruct the complex and cumbersome government of London, to take up the problem of cheap and healthy homes for the poor, and the great number of other questions that are crying for immediate solution?

But the British Parliament will never get this needful time until justice is granted to Ireland. There is no evil so great and so pressing as the denial to this country of the

right of local self-government. It has become the cause and sustainer of nearly all the other evils that afflict England, as well as Ireland; it has become the source of a large, burdensome, and needless tax to support hosts of officials and policemen, and to sustain a great standing army. Until it is removed, the Irish people will never be quiet and contented, and the English people will never hear the last of the Irish question.

THE WIZARD OF THE NEW WORLD.

By A. E. WAFFLE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, rightly called by a critic "the wizard of the New World," was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. The blood of the Puritans ran clear in his veins. His first New England ancestor, an Indian-fighting and Quaker-hating Puritan, came to this country with Winthrop in 1630. His immediate ancestors on his father's side were sea-faring men, and his father, a shipmaster, died of yellow fever in Surinam when Nathaniel was only four years old. His mother was a woman of remarkable beauty and extreme sensibility. Her husband's death so affected her that for thirty years she lived in absolute seclusion, taking her meals in her own room. Part of his boyhood was spent at the residence of his uncle, near Lake Sebago, in Maine, then a wilderness region, and he says that here "I first got my cursed habits of solitude." He was prepared for college at Salem, and entered Bowdoin, from which he was graduated in 1825. In college he formed an intimate friendship with Franklin Pierce, which lasted during the rest of his life. He was only a fair student, and says of himself that he "did a hundred things that the faculty never heard of." After his graduation he returned to Salem, where for twelve years he lived in great retirement. His days were spent in his room, and occupied in writing tales and sketches, many of which he burned, and some of which found their way into newspapers and magazines; but it was his habit after nightfall to wander about the town and the adjacent country.

His first book, published in 1828, was an anonymous romance, called "Fanshaw," which he never acknowledged. In 1836 he made an engagement to edit The American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, on which he served for a few months; and though he did most of the work on it, he received scarcely any compensation. In the following year he went back to Salem, and there collected and published a volume of his stories, under the title, "Twice Told Tales." Beginning in 1838, he was for three years weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom-house under the historian Bancroft. He lived for a time at Brook Farm, but seems never to have been really a part of the community. In 1848 he was married to Miss Sophia Peabody, and went to live in the old manse at Concord, which had always been the home of the Concord pastors. Three years later he published a volume of tales and sketches called "Mosses from an Old Manse." When the Democratic party came into power, in 1846, he was appointed surveyor of the port of Salem, but lost the position in 1849, when the Whigs gained control of the government. In 1850 he published "The Scarlet Letter." For about two years he lived in Lennox, in Berkshire, where he wrote "The House of the Seven Gables." "The Blithedale Romance" appeared in 1852, and in the same year he wrote a campaign "Life of Pierce." When Pierce became President, in 1853, Hawthorne was appointed consul at Liverpool, and held the office four years. He then spent three years in European travel, living

a large part of the time in Italy. The principal literary fruits of his residence abroad were "The Marble Faun" and "Our Old Home." He returned to this country in 1860, and engaged in literary labors, but he felt so deeply the troubled state of the country that he could not give his heart to his work. Most of what he undertook after this time was left unfinished. His health gradually failed. In the spring of 1864 it was thought that travel by easy stages might benefit him, and, accompanied by his old friend Pierce, he started on a tour through New England. They were stopping at Plymouth, New Hampshire, when, on the morning of May 19th, Mr. Pierce went to the bedside of his friend, and found that he had passed away during the previous night. He had often wished for a sudden death. He was buried at Concord, and the most distinguished literary men of the country stood around his grave. These men had long known the greatness of his genius, but his reputation with the general public had been of slow growth. For more than twenty years after he began to write, he remained, according to his own statement, "the obscurest man of letters in America"; but with the publication of "The Scarlet Letter" his popularity began, although during his lifetime he never won the recognition that he deserved.

Hawthorne's appearance and personal traits were remarkable. He was tall, strongly built, athletic, and graceful. He had a handsome face, regular, classic features, and a fine, glowing eye, from which shone the light of genius. He was fond of solitude, timid and shy in society, and during his early manhood he had a morbid dread of all social gatherings. In spite of this shyness he was winning and graceful in his manners, and in England he became quite a social favorite. In disposition he was gentle, sensitive, and affectionate. The story of his domestic life reveals a character of rare beauty. That he was a loyal friend is proved by the dedication of "Our Old Home" to Franklin Pierce when the latter was one of the most unpopular men in the country. He was honest, straightforward, and truthful. His nature was a remarkable compound of manly strength and feminine delicacy. He was made of finer clay than that used in the composition of ordinary

men. He is often described as morbid and gloomy; it would be more correct to say that he was pensive, introspective, retiring, and meditative. From earliest boyhood he was a lover of books, and read the works of the greatest authors — Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Bunyan; he loved nature in all her moods and aspects; and yet he found more in himself, in his own thoughts and imaginings, than in books and in the external world.

Among Hawthorne's most valuable and characteristic works are his five volumes of short tales and sketches, which appeared under the titles, "Twice Told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse." Although they possess certain features in common, they may be divided into three classes—allegories, historical legends, and sketches of real life. Those having an allegorical character are tales of fancy, and at the same time psychological (or moral) studies. They deal in a graceful and fascinating way with the profoundest thoughts, feelings, and interests of the human soul. The analogies are never forced on the attention of the reader, but they strike him as exceedingly felicitous and impressive. Among the best of this class are "The Snow Image," "Rappicini's Daughter," "The Great Stone Face," "Young Goodman Brown," "Malvin's Burial," and "The Minister's Black Veil." The stories of the second class are based upon legends belonging to the early history of New England. They are true to their setting, and show a keen appreciation of the picturesque in the colonial life of New England. To this class belong "The Gray Champion," "The Maypole of Merry Mount," and the four beautiful legends of the Province House, the old residence of the colonial governors. In this class we may place "The Gentle Boy," a story of the persecutions of the Quakers, one of the most beautiful and pathetic of all Hawthorne's short sketches; but it is probably more historical than legendary, its scenes corresponding closely to some in which Hawthorne's ancestors had a part. As belonging to the third class, we may mention "A Rill from the Town Pump," "The Village Uncle," and "The Toll Gatherer's Day." In these Hawthorne has painted, with an artist's idealizing hand, the scenes among which he lived. Of these short stories the best are

those which spring directly from the author's fancy, and which deal with the workings of the conscience and with the passions of the human heart. It was in these realms that his genius best displayed itself. It may be said of them all, that they are remarkable stories and occupy a unique place in our literature. They deal little with love and adventure, the ordinary subjects of such tales. Their material is usually some simple incident, for which the author weaves a charming dress of humorous or pathetic narration and description. They possess wonderful fascination for the cultivated reader, though it is hard to tell what is the secret of the charm. It may be in the style; more likely it is in the air of subtle grace and delicacy which the genius of the author gives them. They are so bright, so fresh, so beautiful, they are so marked with Hawthorne's sensitive spirit, delicate fancy, glancing humor, and gentle pathos, that they must be considered the first works of their kind.

Before considering Hawthorne's longer stories, or romances, we should give some attention to his works which may be called miscellaneous. His "Life of Franklin Pierce" was a labor of love, and served its purpose with the election of its subject to the presidency of the United States. Hawthorne wrote three books for children—"Grandfather's Chair—True Stories from History and Biography," "The Wonder Book," and "Tanglewood Tales." In the first he represents an old man telling stories from history to his grandchildren; in the others a young man reproduces for a group of children ancient myths and legends. The multitude of books for the young in our day have crowded them into the background, but they are among the most charming books of their kind, and were read by the children of their day with great delight. Six small volumes of notes were prepared by his wife from materials which he left at his death, and published with the titles, "American Note Books," "English Note Books," and "French and Italian Note Books." They are journals of his daily life, notes of his observations of men and things mostly as they appeared upon the surface, and records of the thoughts, fancies, and suggestions which came into his mind, and which he expected to use in future lit-

rary work. Though necessarily less interesting than his other books, they are very suggestive reading. "Our Old Home," a series of English sketches, was the last book published during his lifetime. It is not a profound or philosophical work, but it is a charming account of some of his experiences and observations in England. "Consular Experiences" and "Civic Banquets" are as bright and humorous as anything he ever wrote.

The greatest of Hawthorne's longer stories, and, in some respects, the greatest of all works of fiction, is "The Scarlet Letter." The story belongs to the early history of Massachusetts, and its delineations of New England Puritanism are vivid and accurate. The Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne (one of his parishioners) have loved each other with a guilty love. When her child is born she becomes an object of scorn to all the people of the place; she is compelled to wear a large scarlet A upon her bosom, and to stand at certain times upon an elevated platform in the midst of the town. He escapes detection and continues ministering to his people until he is driven, by the stings of a guilty conscience, to confess his sin. With subtle analysis, vivid realism, and terrible intensity, the story depicts her shame, and despair, and awful solitude, and his sympathy with her sufferings, his self-loathing, his anguish, his penance, and his inward struggles. Little Pearl, the child, is a strange, weird creature, whose brightness and waywardness make her an instrument of additional torture to her parents, while Chillingworth, the injured husband, follows Dimmesdale like an avenging spirit, torturing him, however, only through his conscience and his fears. It is a strong, dark story of passion and sorrow, and seems to have in it the essence of centuries of Puritanism. "The House of the Seven Gables" is a story of heredity and crime. The "house" is an old mansion in Salem, built by a wealthy and prominent Puritan named Pyncheon. In order to get possession of the land on which it stood, he caused its rightful owner, a man named Maule, to be executed as a wizard. In his last hour he pronounced a curse upon the race of Pyncheon. Though we are not told that the curse is effective, yet misfortune always attends them until the Maules get

back their own in the person of one of the two young people, whose sunny characters relieve somewhat the general gloom of the story. It is not what would be called a realistic story, and yet some of its characters stand before the reader with wonderful distinctness. This is especially the case with quaint, old-fashioned, aristocratic, scowling, but really kind-hearted, Hepzibah, and the pompous, smiling, unctuous, self-satisfied, but stern, merciless, unjust, and crafty Judge Pyncheon. For strong feeling, keen analysis, and sustained power, it is scarcely inferior to "The Scarlet Letter." "The Blithedale Romance" is the brightest and liveliest of Hawthorne's stories. It was founded on the abortive experiment at Brook Farm, but it must not be considered a history of that movement. A group of ardent and enthusiastic philanthropists propose to found an ideal community, and in the persons thus congregated the author finds abundant opportunity to exercise his skill in character painting. It has generally been supposed that Zenobia, the heroine of this story, was intended to represent Margaret Fuller, but the character is by no means a portrait. The scene of "The Marble Faun" is laid in Italy. Its purpose is to show the influence of sin in developing human character. Donatello, the "faun" of the story, is a simple, guileless, sensuous, and mirthful creature, half animal and half child, in whose face his friends discover a close resemblance to that of a marble faun in one of the galleries of Rome. In a moment of passion he commits a murder for the sake of the woman he loves, and the effect of this crime upon his character is the groundwork of the story. Only four characters appear on the scene, but they are finely drawn. Hilda is a creation of wonderful beauty. The work abounds in descriptions of the streets and monuments of Rome, and of the natural scenery of Italy, and in criticisms of the works of art with which that country is so richly stored. There is an air of vagueness, unreality, and mystery about the story; there is little plot, and the action loiters; but in beauty of style, keenness of insight, delicacy of sentiment, and gracefulness of fancy it has no equal among modern works of fiction. The finest passages that Hawthorne wrote are to be found in this work.

At his death Hawthorne left four uncom-

pleted romances, "Septimus Felton; or, The Elixir of Life," "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," "The Dolliver Romance," and "The Ancestral Footstep," which have since been published. "Septimus Felton" was the most nearly completed, and is a fascinating story. It is a psychological study, and was intended to show the effect upon the human mind of an earnest pursuit of bodily immortality. But the chief interest of these unfinished works is in the revelation which they make of the author's methods of literary composition. They admit us to his literary workshop, and show us his stories in the very process of creation.

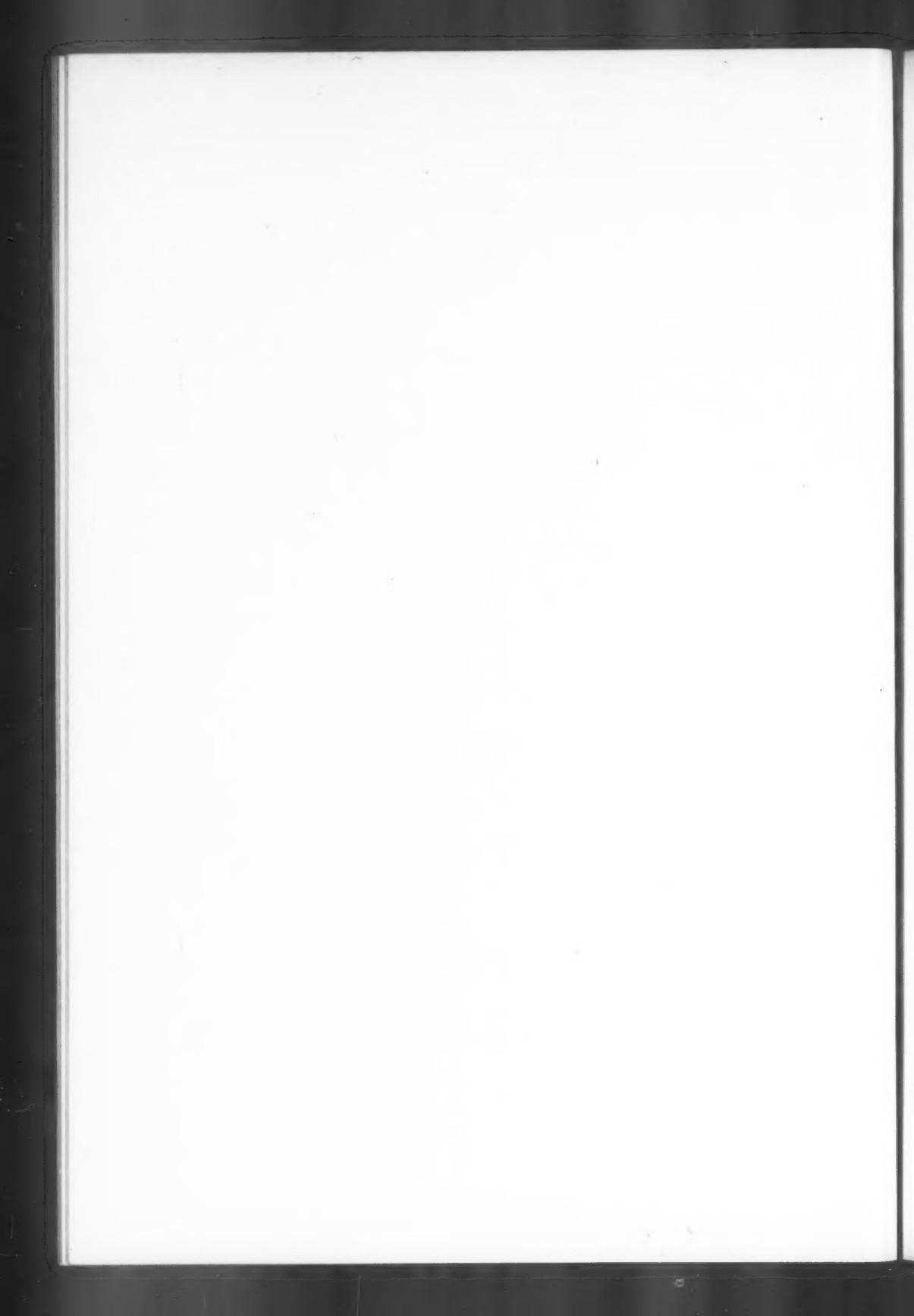
The excellence of Hawthorne's style is unsurpassed by that of any other writer in the English language. The diction is pure; the choice of terms is exceedingly felicitous; the sentences are so skillfully constructed that there is in the mind of the reader no consciousness of mechanism; the spirit is simple and unpretending; and the movement is easy, flowing, and graceful. The nicest distinctions and the subtlest variations of thought and feeling apparently offered no difficulties to his matchless powers of expression. His writing flows on like a deep, smooth stream whose waters are transparent in spite of their depth. It is like the style of no other writer; its indescribable charm is the mark of Hawthorne's peculiar genius. It is a model style, and yet no human being could successfully imitate it.

Hawthorne's genius was rare and unique. He was a poet and a romancer, a lover of the ideal and the spiritual, a dweller in realms which lie beyond the range of ordinary human experience. As a literary creator, as a great imaginative genius, he stands side by side with Shakespeare. His writings show a vivid, "haunting" imagination, a graceful and delicate fancy, keen and far-reaching insight, acute sensibilities, refined taste, and a lively appreciation of both the humorous and pathetic sides of human life. In his stories he makes little use of plot or incident; his characters are not revealed in action or conversation; he is content simply to analyze and describe. Unusual developments of character, the hidden and the mysterious, the under-currents of our being, the laws and forces which connect us with the outer world, the influence of our actions



CAUGHT IN A STORM.

From the painting by M. Grosbold.



upon ourselves and others, and all the unnoticed powers among which we walk—these are his chosen themes. This mighty genius was somehow tinged and darkened by his Puritan descent and training, so that his writings have a somber and even gloomy tone. He seems to feel that over us all is the power of some dark fate, the inevitable penalty of sin. He describes with terrific power the workings of guilty and morbid consciences. There is something weird, strange, and uncanny about portions of his writings; after reading them, one feels as though he had seen a ghost, or had been attending a murder trial. And yet humor is not wanting—humor never broad and farcical, but always pure, delicate, and graceful. He was a lover of the beautiful, and himself

an unequaled literary artist. He is unquestionably the greatest writer this country has produced, and must be ranked with the four or five who hold the first place in the world's literature.

His writings are of too fine a quality to be largely popular, but people of taste and cultivation are coming more and more to appreciate them. Their moral influence is good; in all he wrote there is not an impure image or suggestion. As noble specimens of literature, their influence is inspirational and refining. To read them with appreciation stimulates the imagination and cultivates the taste. In the history of the English literature and language they must ever stand as classic models.

A MYSTERY OF THE SKIES.

By LEWIS SWIFT, of the Warner Observatory.

WHEN Schiaparelli, an almost unknown Italian astronomer, ventured the strange and apparently ludicrous announcement that meteors and comets were identical, the hypothesis was almost universally frowned upon by astronomers, and its author relegated to the society of ignorant enthusiasts. In an astronomer's vocabulary, caution is a well-chosen and honored word. He is clamorous for sight, and must satisfy himself by vision before giving acceptance to a doubtful theory, holding to the truth of the couplet:

Optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.

Were a chemist to make the assertion that the compounding of certain materials would produce a specific result, we well know how easily and quickly his statement could be proved or disproved, and the reputed honor of discovery conceded or rejected. But the astronomer must often wait through long and anxious years before his theory can be subjected to a crucial test, and he can claim rightful honors. At first thought, nothing seems more incongruous than that comets, ambassadors, perhaps, from other worlds, should, in the remotest particulars, have

connection with shooting stars; but the bold, though then obscure savant, having more fully elaborated his theory, waited patiently for the fame he deserved and which he felt sure, sooner or later, would come. It was realized at last, and his hard-earned triumphs were recognized by all astronomers as soon as the multiplication of observations and the reappearance of star-showers proved the hypothesis to be true. The subject immediately took a wide range and excited great interest. History, ancient and modern, written and traditional, was brought to bear on the subject, and this study resulted in the birth of a new branch of science—*Meteoric Astronomy*.

I am induced to take up this subject at this time by the literal fulfilment, on the 27th of November, 1885, of a predicted recurrence of a star-shower, which was visible from at least one-half of the globe. Like its predecessor of November 27, 1872, it was seen in its greatest brilliancy on the eastern continent, the American side of the earth not having turned over sufficiently to plunge foremost into the swarm of meteors, though the eastern half of this continent was so fortunate as to pass through a sparser portion of the meteoric ring and

witness a moderate display of the celestial pyrotechnics. This shower will again repeat itself on November 27, 1892, when the conditions for visibility in this country may be more favorable. Its radiant (that part of the sky in which all the meteor paths, if traced backward, would meet) is in the constellation Andromeda, near the star Chi, in right ascension 23h. 30m., declination north 45°.

Before proceeding further, let us ask the question of a thousand years past, What are shooting stars? The united wisdom of the world is unable to give a satisfactory answer, or to explain where, or when, or how, or for what purpose they were originally created. A mystery as fathomless as space lurks in every one. No shooting star has ever been known to reach the earth, the atmosphere serving as an effectual protection from these missiles, which, but for its intervention, would subject us to a constant bombardment. What meets our gaze on every clear evening, in greater or less abundance, is only the light given out by them while undergoing the process of combustion by friction and arrested motion in their passage through about forty miles of the upper and exceedingly rarified atmosphere. Whether they are liquid or solid particles we do not know, though that they are not gaseous the spectroscope tells us in language that can not be disputed. While traveling through space, or before they are consumed, they are appropriately called meteoroids. This designation was given them by Prof. H. A. Newton, who is an adept in meteoric astronomy. The solar system is filled with them, and, it may be, the sidereal spaces also. No comet comes into our system but leaves countless millions of these tiny atoms in its wake, and, although invisible in their meteoroid condition, as we have said, they are objects of great beauty and wonder while undergoing the process of combustion in our outer atmosphere.

Every star-shower has what is called a radiant, *i. e.*, a place, not a point, where the luminous converging paths, if traced backward, meet. The statement usually made in astronomical text-books, that they are seen to start from the radiant, is misleading and erroneous. Not one in ten thousand is seen thus to start. During the star-shower of 1867, the writer saw, low in the northwest,

60° from the radiant, perhaps a hundred with tracks only 3° or 4° in length. Nevertheless, traced back, they met at the radiant.

All luminous objects appear larger than they really are. Hence many have supposed that the meteoroids are of considerable size; but, from the best information we have been able to obtain from observations extending over many years, they are, probably, on an average, not larger than a kernel of wheat.

On every clear, moonless night, a watch of five minutes by one person will reveal several shooting stars, belonging to no well determined shower. They are called sporadic meteors, but in some years, and on certain nights of the year, and at some hours of the night, they appear in such numbers as to receive and deserve the title of star-showers. The number of distinct showers of this kind now known is over 150, though only three are of sufficient brilliancy to attract general attention, viz., those of August 10, November 14 and 27. The latter is a new shower, unknown until the year 1872, but it will doubtless recur in the future on that date regularly every six or seven years.

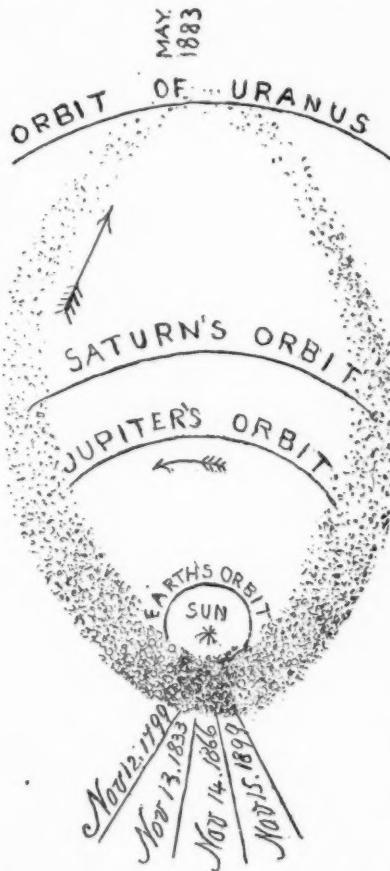
The history of this shower is one of the most exciting stories of science, and may be called an astronomical romance. As clearly as can be told with the necessary brevity it is as follows: One hundred and fourteen years ago on the 8th of March next, Montaigne discovered a faint comet, which, from lack of suitable instruments, was not well observed. In 1805 a comet was discovered by Pons, which, after computation, was found to have an elliptical orbit, and was suspected to be identical with Montaigne's. In 1826 Biela, of Bohemia, discovered a comet, which, after observations continued over two months, was found to be a periodic, with moderate eccentricity, and identical with the comets of 1772 (Montaigne's) and of 1805 (Pons'), and with a period of nearly six and three-quarters years. At a subsequent return, in 1846, it presented an appearance entirely unexampled in the annals of astronomy. It was seen to divide into two comets, moving through space side by side, each bearing a short train and alternating in brightness. Their distance apart increased during the whole period of visibility (three months) until a distance equal to three-quarters of that of the moon from the

earth was attained. On several occasions a luminous ligament connecting the one with the other was observed. At their next return, the interval between them had increased to 1,250,000 miles. In 1859 they were not expected to be seen, as their position with respect to the earth and sun was unfavorable. But in 1866 all things were auspicious, and promised well for their detection; and, although almost every telescope in the world, even the very largest, was brought into requisition, the cometary wanderers eluded the search. They were not found, nor have they since been seen. They may, therefore, be given up as irrecoverably lost.

But this loss brings us to the climax of our strange narrative. On November 27, 1872, when astronomers were searching for this disrupted comet, the world, the eastern continent in particular, beheld one of the most magnificent star-showers on record. Although it lasted but a short time in this country, in Europe and Asia the rain of meteors continued for several hours. One astronomer in Scotland, in 6h. 20m., counted 10,579 of these bodies; and four observers in Italy, in 6h. 30m., counted 33,400. When the shower was over, Prof. Klinkerfues, with a sagacity highly creditable, telegraphed Prof. Pogson at Madras, saying, "Biela touched earth 27th; look near Theta Centauri." The Madras observer searched as directed, and, finding a comet, quite naturally supposed it to be one of the fragments, but the other he was unable to find. Whether or not the object seen by him was really one of the Biela fugitives, is a matter of dispute among astronomers, the majority taking the negative side.

The process of disintegration, seen to commence in December, 1845, has probably progressed so far as to separate the discrete particles composing the comet so widely as to render it invisible in the most powerful telescope. In short, its fragments have formed a partial if not a complete ring, whose orbit, following in the path of Biela's comet, intersects that of the earth at the place at which the earth arrives on the 27th of November, a date which must, therefore, continue, at least for many years to come, to be the time of the Biela star-shower. On the 24th of November, 1872, a shower of meteors, before unknown, was seen, result-

ing, no doubt, from the other component of the comet; but, strangely enough, it has not since appeared on that date. Its radiant was in Cassiopeia. But it must be remembered that very few of the meteor rings, so called, are continuous, as nearly all show gaps of greater or less extent; and, as the earth every year passes through a new place in the ring, it follows, of course, that there can be no shower when its path falls on a vacancy or an opening in the ring.



The above cut, though more especially adapted to illustrate the cause of the shower of November 14th, will also make plain that of November 27th, more particularly under consideration.

Our recent visitation of the 27th of November, 1885, though grand on the eastern continent, was much less so in the United

States. Unfortunately, it was entirely cloudy in the locality of Rochester, N. Y., but east and south of this place watchers were well repaid for the time spent in observing a phenomenon, which thoughtful man has rescued from impenetrable mystery and superstition, and brought under the domain of science.

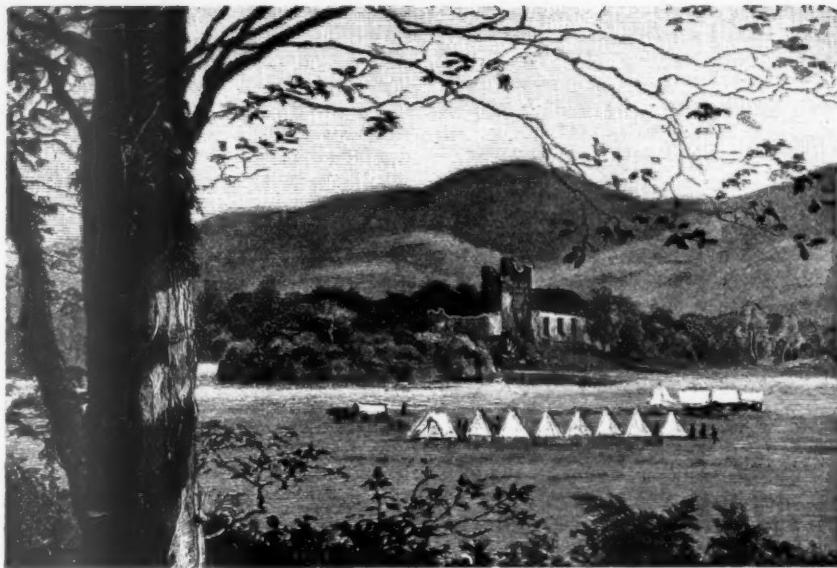
A fact of much significance, and one not generally understood, is, that showers from meteors moving in a direction opposite to that of the earth, or from east to west, can occur only in the morning hours, and on that side of the earth which, at the time, is preceding or ahead; while showers from those moving in the same direction as the earth, or from west to east, can take place only in the evening and on the following or hinder side of the earth. In the latter case the meteors overtake the earth; in the former, the earth is the pursuer and overtakes the meteors.

Biela's comet is the only one known whose orbit crosses that of the earth; and, consequently, it is the only one with which we are in danger of collision. Its nearest approach to the earth, since its discovery in 1772, occurred in the year 1832, but computation showed that when the earth had arrived at the node, or, in railroad parlance, the "crossing," the comet had come, and, without a signal, had gone, and was already 50,000,000 miles away! Astronomy furnishes no historical evidence of a single collision between two heavenly bodies, and the chances against a clashing together of the earth and Biela's comet are as many millions to one; and, as we have grave doubts regarding even the existence of this comet, we may well dismiss our fears. We

cannot, of course, be certain what effect such a collision, were it possible, would produce, but probably it would cause such an unprecedented rain of meteors as would literally bathe the earth in glory. A magnificent sight, indeed, but fraught with no danger to the inhabitants of earth.

The tiny meteoroids, microscopical in dimensions, are really circum-solar bodies, that is, they move around the sun, and are as much the obedient subjects of gravitation as the giants Saturn and Jupiter. From the most trustworthy information obtainable, we learn that they begin to burn at a height of seventy miles, and are entirely consumed in about one second of time, passing, during this interval, through forty miles of air. Whether they bring to our system anything either useful or deleterious, no one really knows. Although 800,000,000 meteors bright enough to be seen with the naked eye, and forty times as many, which are telescopic, are burned up in our atmosphere daily, it does not appear that they change in the least degree the constituents of the air. It may be, however, that each leaves a minute residuum that falls to the earth as an impalpable dust and slowly increases its size. Here, as in many other departments of astronomy, we have to take leave of actual truth and verge upon the bounds of the unknown; but to him who desires to solve the fascinating enigma that these meteoric bodies present to us, we would say, in conclusion, that, as study and observation in the past have dissipated the mysteries of the comets, we may confidently hope that, by the same means, the meteors may be forced, in the future, to disclose their marvelous secrets.





THE BELLS OF SAN FERNANDO.

By A. W. MOORE.

I WAS a member of the great surveying expedition which was organized about eighteen years ago for the purpose of running a preliminary railroad line from Missouri, through Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, to San José, California, at which point our line was to connect with the railroad then running to San Francisco.

We had passed through Arizona in safety, thanks to the watchfulness and gallantry of a company of United States cavalry which acted as escort to our division. After remaining a few days at Arizona City, which lies directly opposite to Fort Yuma, on the Colorado river, and having cast aside all unnecessary baggage, in order to carry as many barrels of water as possible, we entered upon that great desert that lies between Fort Yuma and the San Bernardino mountains. We began this desert journey with merry hearts, for there was no chaining and staking to do. Our chief engineer ran what is called a "compass line," using the odometer. It was not until we had performed a day's march over the heavy sand that we began to realize the hardships that were in

store for us. On the second day we all experienced great thirst; and, as the water in our barrels had become lukewarm, there was no satisfaction in drinking it; and, moreover, we were prohibited from using more than a certain quantity daily. The distance across the desert is about ninety-five miles, and there are only two places where water may be had, and one of these only during certain seasons of the year. On the third day, as we were trudging along through the heavy sand, our guide informed us that about eight miles ahead was a well, in which it was just possible there might be cool, fresh water. Overjoyed at this information, some half dozen of us started forward with great alacrity, running and walking by turns, and we soon left the slow moving wagon train far in the rear. In order to assuage our raging thirst, we carried little pebbles in our mouths, which was, in a measure, effective. At length, over the barren waste of sand, we espied an object that had been described by the guide as the location of the well, and soon came to it; but for some minutes none of us had the

courage to let down the old bucket that was attached to a windlass. At last, however, some one lowered it, but, alas! it struck the bottom with a dull thud. Not a teaspoonful of water was in that well! We sat down, a mournful group, ready to cry. I am sure pride alone kept us from doing so. Suddenly one of our party exclaimed, "Look yonder! there is a lake!" We all looked in the direction pointed out, and lo! there was, not half a mile off, a placid lake, on the banks of which were numerous trees. How cool and refreshing it looked! We jumped up and started ahead at full speed in order to reach the delicious water, in which we all declared we would bathe. How was it we had never seen this lake before as we were journeying to the well? we asked ourselves. After running nearly a mile, we seemed no nearer to it, and some of us noticed that there were some strange transformations occurring on the banks as we proceeded. All at once it seemed to strike us that this lake we were after was a delusion and a snare. It was a mirage! Fortunately, it had drawn us in the right direction for the second watering place, an oasis where, the guide had informed us, was a never-failing spring. An additional tramp of twelve miles brought us to this spot, arriving there in a fainting condition. We did not stand upon any ceremony in quenching our intolerable thirst, but, lying flat upon the ground, put our mouths to the cool-looking and crystal-like water. Alas! again we were to suffer disappointment; the water was brackish, bitter, and warm. It was dangerous to drink of it; and, instead of slaking the thirst, increased it. It was almost midnight before our train arrived at this oasis, where a plentiful supply of hot coffee made some amends for the hardships of the day. While the coffee was preparing, however, the members of our division all drank plentifully of the odious water. As we sat around the camp-fire that night, our guide told us that, according to tradition, many who drank the water at this oasis became bewitched. Whether any of our party suffered this penalty for their indulgence or not is a question that must be left to the reader's judgment when he learns what occurred subsequently. One thing is beyond dispute: every member of our party became very ill; and, in order to get out of the desert with the least

possible delay, a forced march was made the following day, all the men riding in the wagons and ambulance. The most of us were so sick and weak that not even the invigorating breezes of the San Bernardino mountains, nor the Sierra Nevadas, restored us to our usual vigor.

Without dwelling further upon the details of our journey, I must ask the reader to accompany us, in imagination, to our camp at the ancient mission of San Fernando, one of the most interesting relics of Jesuitical zeal upon this continent. We found, in a good state of preservation, a large building, the façade of which was composed of numerous arches. The interior was gloomy and dark, and divided into many compartments having the appearance of cells. Indeed, the whole arrangement of the building was of a monastic character. Near by was an ancient church. In every direction one found evidences of former thrifit and of there having been a large settlement. There was a great inclosure, containing olive, orange, and other fruit trees; and we saw the foundations, and in some instances the chimney stacks, of former dwellings. In the large building we found a mysterious personage, a Mexican, whose white hair and venerable appearance seemed in keeping with his surroundings. He refused to speak in English, and it was with difficulty we could get him to converse at all. He had several attendants, apparently of his own age. It was very interesting to wander about this historical spot and reflect upon the days when it was the theater of many thrilling scenes of barbarism on the one hand, and religious fervor on the other; when, under the guidance of the Jesuit fathers, the Indians were brought into the fold of the church, and taught the art of husbandry; when smiling corn fields flourished where now the land is barren or overspread with the unprofitable growths of the wilderness.

We pitched our camp upon the broad expanse of greensward which lay in front of the old mission. During the first day's encampment we examined the interior of the old church and found it full of curious things. Old wooden images stood in nooks and corners. A venerable railing inclosed the sanctuary, and the old altar was replete with antique carvings and candlesticks. A

very ancient crucifix surmounted the tabernacle, and the whole was thickly coated with dust. There was a small compartment in the rear of the altar, in which we found some ragged old vestments and a number of religious books. In the low tower were three bells.

I recollect on that first night's encampment at the mission, we sat around our camp-fires talking over the events of our long and perilous expedition, now soon to come to an end, and, as we talked, one of the old men of the mission suddenly made his appearance through the darkness. His dusky features, wrinkled with age, and long, flowing white hair which fell from beneath his wide-brimmed hat or sombrero, gave him a strange, almost weird aspect. We invited him to be seated, for we were anxious to get the old man into conversation, hoping to obtain from him some information concerning the history of the mission. He made some inquiries in regard to our expedition, and seemed somewhat dazed when we told him we were laying out a route for a railroad. The idea of a railroad running through the mission of San Fernando did not seem to inspire him with enthusiasm. In reply to a question as to who the person was then living in the mission house, the old man, after a few moments' silence, said he was Señor Don Valerio, the owner of adjacent tracts of land, and that many years ago he met with great misfortunes in the loss of his wife and daughter. "If you care to hear the story of my master's troubles," said our visitor, "I will relate it." It is needless to say we became suddenly "all ears."

"Forty years ago," began the aged Mexican, who, by the way, spoke good English, "Señor Don Valerio was possessed of an excellent wife and a very beautiful daughter, eighteen years of age. The Señor then dwelt in a capacious mansion a few miles to the south of this mission. He had in his employ nearly one thousand men, women, and children, engaged in the cultivation of the grape, the orange, and in general agriculture. Some of these employees were Indians of the Pima tribe. Now, the daughter of the Señor was remarkable for her great beauty, and, being the only child, the parents' love for her was boundless and inexpressible. She was as

the sunlight to the doting father. The young lady, whose name was Marie, had, as an attendant, a girl of her own age, a peasant, born upon the Señor's estate; and so remarkably alike in feature, form, and manner were the two girls that they might have been taken for twin sisters. Now, there lived upon a neighboring vineyard a wealthy man by the name of Señor Jose Bacca, who had a very handsome son about four years older than Marie. The youth's name was Alonzo, and it was quite natural that he should fall in love with the beautiful Marie, and that the parents of both should smile on his endeavors to win the young girl's hand. He was successful, and the day for the marriage was set. The ardent Alonzo, during his courtship, was often at a loss to discover why Marie was at times cold, distant, and lofty in her bearing toward him, but he attributed it to a maidenly reserve on her part. The day for the wedding arrived. The marriage ceremony was to take place in yonder old church." And the Mexican pointed in the direction of the mission. "Marie, dressed in her wedding garments, with a heavy veil of lace over her face, looked very sweet; at least so said everybody who saw her. Before starting for the mission church, Marie said she wished to be alone with her maid for a short time, after which she asked, as a special favor, that no one should speak to her until after the marriage ceremony was performed. The parents and relatives thought that the young girl wished to pray with her maid before leaving the paternal roof forever.

"In due time, the bride emerged from her chamber and walked in silence to her pony, and, being placed upon her saddle, the rest of the wedding party mounting their ponies also, the procession started for, and soon reached, the church. The good padre of San Gabriel united Alonzo Bacca to the bride, but that bride was not Marie Valerio. It was Marie's maid!"

"Marie's maid!" we all cried simultaneously.

"Yes, Marie's maid," continued the old man. "Her name was Marie, also. Born upon the Señor's estate in the same year that his own daughter was, and, soon after, becoming an orphan, the good Señor and Señora Valerio caused the infant to be named after their own child. But let that

pass. You wonder how it came about that the maid should have personated her mistress; and here comes the saddest part of my story: Upon the Señor's estate there was, among the Pima Indians employed, a most beautiful youth. He was a great favorite of the Señor's, not only on account of his exquisite features, splendid form, and noble bearing, but his uniformly good conduct. He was placed in charge of his master's horses and mules, and for years had acted as escort to Señora Valerio and her daughter Marie whenever they rode forth to visit friends or to make a distant journey. Marie came to love the Indian with all her soul, and the two secretly became betrothed. The fascinating power of the young Indian over Marie Valerio must have been complete to cause her to desert, at the supreme moment, an accepted lover and social equal. Taking the devoted maid into her confidence, Marie planned a scheme by which she would escape a marriage with Alonzo Bacca and be able to fly to parts unknown with her dusky Pima Indian."

"How did Alonzo Bacca act when he found he had married the maid instead of the mistress?" one of our party asked.

"Most nobly," replied the old man. "When he unveiled the face of his bride, he staggered backward and exclaimed: 'Thou art not Marie!' All the bridal party stood transfixed at this exclamation, and, upon a little scrutiny, found that what Alonzo had said was but too true. The young girl looked surprisingly beautiful as she stood erect, the very image of her young mistress, and, looking Alonzo unflinchingly in the eye, said, almost defiantly, 'I am Marie, but not thy Marie! She loves another, and to save her I am here. Punish me; slay me if you will!' Alonzo gazed intently upon the beautiful girl he had unwittingly married, so like the Marie he had adored, but who was lost to him now. Impulsively, the youth sprang forward, and, taking the girl's hand, kissed it, and said, 'Thou shalt be my Marie, for better or for worse! Come, let us depart.' Alonzo took home his unexpected bride, and a happier couple never lived and died than they.

"The effect upon Señor and Señora Valerio when they returned home and found their daughter had fled with the young Indian was very disastrous. The Señora broke

down completely. At first she became violent, and demanded the blood of the girl who had personated their darling child. Then she pined away, and died in a short time. The Señor lost all interest in everything, dismissed his servants, and allowed his fine estate to go to ruin. He spent large sums in trying to recover his daughter, but he never found a trace of her. Finally, becoming weak-minded, and the slave of certain hallucinations, he made arrangements to occupy a portion of the deserted mission house yonder, where he spends his time in meditation and prayer, living the life of a recluse. But he never loses faith in the belief that his daughter will come back to him."

At this point in the old man's narrative, a Mexican boy came up and spoke to him in Spanish, upon which he rose from his seat and departed, wishing us good night as he did so.

As our party were very weary, and by no means recovered from the "bewitching" influences of the oasis water, we all retired to our beds early, and before 10 o'clock our camp was as silent as a Quaker meeting. I remember it was a night of intense darkness, and as our camp-fires died out this darkness seemed oppressive to me as I lay awake trying to count the few stars that twinkled here and there. The weather being warm, some of us had not pitched our tents, preferring to sleep in the open air, having for our roof the starry firmament. I lay awake a long time, thinking of the romantic story the aged Mexican had told us, but at length I fell asleep.

It must be borne in mind that eighteen years ago the region in which the mission of San Fernando is situated contained no inhabitants. It was a remote and lonely place, deserted by all mankind save the Señor Don Valerio and his few faithful attendants.

I knew not whether I was dreaming or not, as I was startled out of my sleep by the ringing of bells. Three bells, pealing the three first notes of the octave. I sat up in my bed and looked in the direction of the sound. All was the blackness of darkness. Everybody in the camp woke up, and there were inquiries from one to another, asking what these brazen tones, sounding forth in the midnight, could mean. Ding—dong—

dang—dang—dong—ding. Up and down the short scale went the brassy-sounding bells, one, two, three; three, two, one. For my own part, I will frankly admit that the ringing of these gong-like bells upon this black midnight, coming from the belfry of that ghostly old church, filled me with inexpressible horror; and, not having forgotten what the guide had told us on the desert about people becoming bewitched after drinking the oasis water, I was half inclined to believe that the performance then going on was but a prelude to the witches' dance, which I fully expected to see presently upon the greensward. Some of our party struck a match and lighted a lantern. Then our chief called for volunteers to go and find out what the bells were ringing for. Two or three brave souls set out toward the church, taking the lantern with them. But they came running back a great deal faster than they went. They said that everything looked blue inside the church, not that they had been near the edifice, but they had caught a glimpse of the windows, hidden from view to us in camp by some out-buildings of the mission house. Ding—dong—dang—dang—dong—ding—on went the monotonous ringing of the bells. I have often laughed at myself since for my superstitious fear on this occasion, and especially for going and begging a night's lodging in one of the tents. I felt the need of close companionship with good, honest flesh and blood. I expected momentarily to see a few imps and a witch or two around the camp, and I had not the courage to confront them single-handed.

The bells ceased playing suddenly, and,

strange as it may appear, the stillness that ensued became more fearful than the noise of the bells. The whole camp felt the influence of the death-like silence, at least it would seem so; for, as if actuated by a common impulse, everybody in the camp began to talk. Lamps and candles were lighted; many smoked their pipes until the birds began to sing at the first dawn of ever welcome day. Then some of us slept, nor did we awaken until the sun was shining on the old mission and church of San Fernando, which perhaps never looked more peaceful and innocent of supernatural associations.

After breakfast a number of us went to the church and made a thorough examination. Everything was exactly in the same condition as seen upon our last visit. One of our party made a discovery, however, which accounted for the blue aspect of the interior of the church on the previous night. The windows were composed of the old-fashioned bottle blue glass!

As for the ringing of the bells, we found out during the day that it was the performance of poor old Señor Don Valerio, whose mild insanity led him to believe that by reciting midnight prayers before that ancient altar, and by the ringing of the bells, he could recall his long lost child. He imagined she would one day hear those midnight chimes and return to his fatherly arms and boundless love. So all the weirdness went out of the bells of San Fernando, and, to one of us at least, the remembrance of them awakened within the breast a tender sympathy and heart-felt pity for poor old Don Valerio.

TWO DREAMS.

By R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The schoolboy, in his picture books,
Sees many foreign lands;
On plain and pyramid he looks,
And laughs and claps his hands.
He smiles upon these works of art,
The castle, lake, and tree,
Until he wants, with all his heart,
To live beyond the sea.

The sailor sees in distant lands
All sorts of wondrous things;
He roams on sunny tropic strands,
And knows barbaric kings;
But all these wonders cheer him not:
He dreams about a sill—
The threshold of an humble cot
Upon a Georgia hill.

THE MANNER OF ELECTING THE PRESIDENT.

By PAUL J. SCHLICHT.

THE office of President of the United States is fundamentally the same as any other chief magistracy. It bears, for instance, essentially the same relations to the law-making machinery of the nation that the governorship does to the legislature of a state. In scrutinizing laws, the executive of the nation or state is expected to keep constantly in view the best interests of the people, and to approve such constitutional laws as he deems conducive to those interests, and to withhold approval from such as, in his judgment, are not. In naming men for positions of high trust under the government, he, like a governor, submits his nominations to the legislative body for approval. Is it not, then, as inconsistent for us to elect a president by the electoral college system as it would be to elect a governor by assembly districts, when, from the very nature of his office, he should be as much the choice of a majority of the citizens of the nation as a governor is the choice of a majority of the citizens of a state?

The electoral college had its origin in a distrust of the ability of the people to choose a chief magistrate, and its function, instead of being that of a mere registering machine, as now, was to select from among the most eminent in the land the person best fitted to discharge the important duties of the presidency. But the electoral college has ceased to have its original significance. To-day a presidential election does not mean the choice made by the members of the electoral college, or by a majority of the popular vote. And yet, we boast about every man making his vote felt in a presidential election! The truth is, a vote cast for any other than the candidate of the two contending parties may or may not, and usually does not, find expression in the grand total of votes.

What reason is there, then, for the continuance of the electoral college system, or any mere substitute for it, when the conditions

that called it into being no longer exist; when it is so unnatural that every four years it is "forgotten by the risen, and is incomprehensible to the rising, generation"; and when, as is well known, if the people were consulted, it would be relegated to the limbo of useless and forgotten things? Men say, "I voted for Blaine," or, "I voted for Cleveland." They did not, and by no possibility could any one of them be assured in advance that *his* vote would actually count either way.

It should be possible for every voter to place in the ballot-box on election day a ballot designating *his* choice for president, and that ballot should be a factor in the whole number of votes cast. How is it under the present system? Suppose New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania give a certain candidate 250,000 majority, and the other states give the opposing candidate only 10,000 majority, the latter, receiving a majority of the electoral college votes, is declared the choice of the nation. And yet this is the practice upheld by men who pride themselves on writing the word nation with a big N! On what ground is this justifiable? The reply is, of course, on the ground that each state should be entitled to as many votes as it has congressional representatives. This means that if nearly every citizen in the state votes for one of the candidates, it shall be as though the majority of votes was merely one. Again, if in another case thousands voted for other than the regular candidates, these individual preferences count for naught in the grand total of votes represented by the electoral college. In other words, citizens do not vote as citizens of the United States, but as New Yorkers, as Virginians, as Texans. Another reason, and one regarded by the admirers of that antiquated and useless institution a momentous one, is, that election by the people would destroy the power of the states, and consequently be "a step toward centralization." Such ground is

untenable. We are a united nation, not a mere assemblage of independent states whose interests clash in the choice of a president. All desire the common good. Local interests are fully represented in the national councils, and not until the time comes when the people shall vote directly for president can a man say that the constitution confers upon him the full dignity of national citizenship. There can be no such citizenship until the day when every vote at a national election shall have a meaning; when every voice (if not more than one) in favor of any reform shall be heard.

In the February (1885) number of the North American Review, President F. A. P. Barnard, William Purcell, Senator H. L. Dawes, General Roger A. Pryor, and Senator Z. B. Vance discussed this question exhaustively. We are sorry to find but one of these distinguished men fully advocating the bestowal upon the people of the full benefit of American citizenship by constitutional amendment, and much surprised that this solitary advocate was one who fought gallantly for the cause of the rights of the states! Times have indeed changed!

It is worth noting, also, that while all these writers but one disavow anything of the kind, they advocate the doctrine of state rights, which implies that this nation is merely a confederation of states banded together for the common good, and that, consequently, the chief magistrate of this confederation should be chosen by the states, voting according to congressional representation.

President Barnard proposes, in his paper, a change that is practically in the right direction, but it is entirely wrong in principle. We shall quote and comment upon some of his objections to giving the people the direct suffrage, and take up briefly a few of his arguments and examine them in the light of well-known facts. President Barnard says: "Congressmen represent, as the electors of the present system do not, the people of limited districts; and, therefore, when political opinion in a state is divided, the congressional delegation in a state is divided also, and will not commit the injustice that is now invariably committed, of throwing the entire vote of the state in favor of one party." Why does not Mr. Barnard go a step

further and advocate an election by the people? We quote further: "Presidents have come into power with a popular majority against them. This was true in the election of 1844, when Mr. Polk's vote was 24,000 below that of the united opposition. It was true in the case of General Taylor, in 1848, when Mr. Van Buren, the nominee of the Free-soilers, drew off a very heavy body of partisans, so that the successful candidate was in a popular minority of 151,000. In 1856, Mr. Buchanan was elected, though outnumbered by the popular vote by 377,000. Mr. Lincoln came into the presidency, in 1860 (there being three opposing candidates), though failing of an absolute majority nearly as large—354,000. In 1876, the honesty of the popular vote in several states was disputed, but the majority against the successful candidate, Mr. Hayes, was apparently not far from 250,000."

We have made these quotations from Mr. Barnard's paper to show that he has fully considered this anomalous relation (or, more correctly, this relation that should be anomalous, but is not) of the popular majority to the successful candidate. We have made them to show also that, were the election directly by the people, the result would not be as likely to hinge upon a majority of a few hundred votes, as in the last election, and that, consequently, there would be infinitely less chance for fraud than there now is. This fact is a most important one. It would make very rare, or quite impossible, such a dangerous contest as that in 1876, or such a close vote as that in 1884.

Independent voters will do well to ponder over the following remarkable statement of President Barnard: "If the man whom an individual voter prefers is not also the preference of several millions of his countrymen besides, *his vote is of no avail, and he might as well not cast it.* In other words," he adds, "votes are not worth the paper they are printed on without united action among the voters. If, by an amendment of the constitution, the election should be made direct, party conventions will continue to name candidates precisely as they do now, and individuals will continue to cast their votes as completely under dictation as at present, unless, out of mere caprice, they throw them away." President Barnard appears not to have profited by the notable

lessons taught in the gubernatorial election of 1881, in New York, and of the presidential election in 1884, when "the people rose in their might" and showed that this state of things must no longer be. They ought to have disabused his mind of such utter fallacies.

We should like to ask President Barnard whether he really means that he would have men forego their convictions in a presidential election simply because their candidate, or the principle for which they vote, has no chance of immediate success? If he does mean this, we should like to ask him, also, what great reform would be possible, what cause could grow—as causes do, from small beginnings to mighty proportions—under such restrictions? How would it be practicable to secure popular support without first showing the actual numerical strength of the voters favoring a particular candidate or measure?

Mr. Barnard fears that if elections were directly by the people there would be danger that "a popular majority might often be due to sectional majority, and even a majority of a very small section overpowering adverse, though inferior, majorities in the much larger portions of the Union." He gives, as an illustration of this, the state of Texas, which, in the late presidential election, gave

the Democratic candidate a plurality of about 135,000 over his principal competitor, while New York gave a plurality in the same direction of about 1,000. He conceives as possible the case of thirty-seven states giving pluralities of 1,000 each to a candidate of one and the same party, while Texas should again give 135,000 for the other. He says that in a direct election by the people, Texas, in such a case, would give the nation a chief magistrate by a majority of nearly 100,000. By what legitimate process of logic he reaches the conclusion that *Texas* does this, we cannot imagine. Texas would only be aiding the minorities in other States (whose votes count for naught unless thus aided) to elect a chief magistrate, and *vice versa*. Such a conjuncture can by no possibility work harm. Mr. Barnard adds, "that the plan of electing presidents by direct popular vote would soon extinguish the last vestige of state independence." But this by no means follows. The chief magistrate of this nation is the people's check on the law-making powers of the nation. In no constitutional manner, no matter how elected, can he have any influence on "state [or local] independence." Purely local affairs are looked after by local governments.

LIFE'S EVENTIDE.

By PROF. WILLIAM C. RICHARDS, PH. D.

"AT eventide it shall be light!" O song
Of Israel's seer,* if thy divine intent
For me, among the sons of men, is meant—
Thy music with my hours shall glide along,
And make my courage great, my footsteps strong.
Although in sorrow's gloom my days be spent,
And scant the sunshine with their shadows blent,
Content's sweet joys about my home shall throng.
And, as my life's oft clouded sun declines,
As comes the somber twilight on of death,
The prophet's song shall in my soul abide;
But few shall know what glory round me shines,
And thrills to joy each faint and failing breath,
As I behold the light at eventide.

*Zachariah, xiv:7.

RALPH GRAY'S UNDERTAKING.

By W. P. CHIPMAN.

FEW boys would have undertaken what Ralph Gray did at his father's death. He quietly assumed the management of the little farm and the support of his widowed mother and orphaned sister, Baby Bessie.

The husband and father had died suddenly; had gone forth one early spring morning in health and strength, and in a few short hours had been brought back lifeless. The tree he was felling had in some way which was never fully explained, caught and crushed him beneath its weight.

It was with a sad heart that the mother returned with her fatherless children from the grave to the seclusion of her little home. Not a near relative had she; no one in this hour of sorrow to whom she could rightfully turn for help. Long after Ralph had gone to his room and Baby Bessie, the four-year-old pet of the household, had lost her childish sorrow in slumber, she sat before the sitting-room fire, thinking that, dark as the present was, the future looked still darker to her; and surely there was some reason for this.

First of all, the farm was burdened with debt. Ten years before, John Gray had come there with his wife and boy, paying down \$2,000 towards the little farm and giving a mortgage for the balance, a paltry sum, as it seemed to him then, of \$500. Strong, hopeful, he felt sure that two years, or three at most, would see the farm all his own. But it had been the old story. There had been sickness; the seasons had not always been favorable; unexpected expenses had come, and unexpected losses. Some people were uncharitable enough to say that John Gray, though the best of neighbors and husbands, and though always at work at something, was not remarkably forehanded; somehow he didn't have the faculty of getting ahead. Anyway the ten years had come and gone, and now he had gone, and not a dollar of the mortgage was paid. There was, moreover, a little matter of interest unpaid, though just how much the widow, who had left all business affairs

wholly to her husband's care, did not know. She was confident, too, that the account at the village grocery would prove to be somewhat against her husband. Somehow, in spite of his persistent efforts, this account had never been quite paid up; and there might be several smaller accounts still unsettled. She was quite confident there were. So far as she could estimate, it would take \$300 or \$400 to meet her husband's indebtedness outside of the mortgage on the farm. Possibly it would take more. Again, her own health was poor. There was little hope that she could do more than her household duties, while Baby Bessie would, for several years to come, be more of a care than a help. Ralph, it was true, though but fifteen years old, was strong and willing, and could earn something; but to the mother in that hour of darkness and sorrow, that something seemed almost nothing. She had yet to learn the possibilities that lay hidden in the compact form and resolute heart of her boy.

One hope alone came to her through the gloom of the hour: If the farm could be sold for its real value and all the debts paid, there would still be something left for herself and the children. Taking this, might she not seek a residence in some neighboring village or city, and, with the light employment that she could probably there find, make a scanty living until Ralph should be old enough to support the family? But to sell the place, to leave the roof that had so long sheltered her and had been so dear to her husband, against this her heart rebelled. Instinctively now she turned to Him who had promised to be a God to the widow and a Father to the fatherless, and laid her burden at His feet. Was it strange that an assurance even then crept into her heart that He would in His own way provide for her and her children?

Meantime Ralph, who had gone to his room, had not gone to sleep. He had always been a quiet, thoughtful boy, wise in many things beyond his years. Wrapping a blanket around his shoulders, for the night was chilly, he sat down by the window and

thought over the sad events of the last few days. It all seemed so strange, so unreal to him. It was so hard to understand that he was fatherless.

Gradually, however, his thoughts turned from himself to his mother and little sister. Great as his loss was, he knew theirs was greater. "I must care for them, now father is gone," he sobbed; "there is no one else to look out for them." The thought became an inspiration. Care for them, but how? He understood all about the great debt on the farm. He knew there were other bills, including those incurred by his father's death, that must be paid. He knew that this debt had been the burden of his father's life.

It was while thinking of these things that he heard his mother's voice in prayer. Not a word could he distinguish. Only the sound of her voice reached his little chamber; but something told him what it was that troubled her, and that she had gone to God for help. Then he dropped on his knees at his bedside, and when a few minutes later he arose and prepared for bed, a new look in his eyes and a new expression on his lips told of the purpose already born in his soul.

The next morning Ralph was up early. And when his mother came from her room the kitchen fire was burning brightly, the water was hot, the coffee was made, and the chores at the barn were done. He greeted his mother with such a look of cheerfulness, and hastened with such a quiet determination in every action to assist her in the morning duties, that even she grew more hopeful, and something of her usual cheerfulness came back to her.

A week passed, during which Ralph busied himself about the farm, doing those things he felt his father, if living, would have done, and going to the village as errands required. On his return from the village one day he remarked:

"Mother, Deacon Smith has got home. I saw him at the village to-day. He spoke to me about father's death and said he would call here to-morrow afternoon."

This Deacon Smith was an old friend of the family, and held the mortgage on the farm. A few days before Mr. Gray's death, he had gone on a business trip to Western Ohio. It had been Mrs. Gray's intention to call upon him as soon as she learned of his return and consult with him respecting her

husband's affairs. She was, therefore, glad to hear that he was at home and would soon call on her.

The next day when the deacon called, Ralph was at the lower part of the farm repairing a fence; so Mrs. Gray saw him alone. She told him of her hopes and fears, and speaking of the one plan that seemed to be open to her, she anxiously asked his advice. He was silent a few minutes and then replied:

"Certainly, Mrs. Gray, this can be done; but is it best? What does Ralph think about it?"

"I have not said anything to him about it yet," replied Mrs. Gray. "I could not bear to speak to him about it, he loves the farm so."

"How old is he?" the deacon asked.
"Sixteen?"

"Only a little over fifteen," said Mrs. Gray.

"I would speak to him about it at once," continued the deacon thoughtfully. "Such a boy can be a great help if he chooses."

Ralph was called in. He listened as the deacon explained his mother's project, and then said quietly but with firmness in his tones:

"I think, Deacon Smith, there is no need of selling the farm, provided you are in no hurry for the money father owed you."

"My dear boy," the good man instantly replied, "you know I have no thought of hurrying you about any money that may be due me. My only regret is that I cannot afford to give you every dollar of it. But," —and he now turned to Mrs. Gray,— "that you know, dear madam, is impossible as I am situated. The principal, however, can remain just as it is, and the interest can be paid whenever convenient to you."

"Then," continued Ralph, "I see no reason, mother, why we cannot stay here on the farm. I have thought it all over and I am sure we can manage to get along. How much interest is there due on the mortgage, Deacon Smith?"

"On April 1st," answered the deacon, "there will be two years and a half interest due."

"That will be two weeks from Monday," Ralph added in a moment, "and will amount to seventy-five dollars, simple interest."

"Which is all I am entitled to," interrupted the deacon.

Ralph now took several papers from the inside pocket of his coat, and turning to his mother, eagerly went on :

"Mother, I found in father's desk a list of the persons he owed. When in the village, the other day, I asked them how much money was due them. I find that, including the interest due Deacon Smith, we owe, outside of the mortgage,—figuring rapidly,—three hundred and twenty-four dollars and forty-two cents.

"Now, mother, this is what I suggest : Let us sell all the cows but Daisy; sell part of the sheep; and sell the light buggy and harness. These ought to bring enough to pay these outside bills. We will keep old Dolly, the horse, the rest of the sheep, and all the hens. We can get along with the other wagons and the heavy harness. I can raise vegetables enough for ourselves. Daisy will give us our milk and butter. The chickens and eggs we shall sell will pay for our groceries. The sheep will pay the interest on the mortgage. We ought to have hay to sell if our stock is reduced; also some fruit and wood; and in this way we can meet our other expenses. I know, mother, it will be a good deal for me to undertake, but I am sure we can get along better here than anywhere else. And,"—lowering his voice—"don't you think, mother, father would be glad to have us stay here?"

Tears filled Mrs. Gray's eyes at these words, while Deacon Smith in husky tones exclaimed :

"The boy is right, sister Gray, the boy is right. I'd let him try here for the coming year, anyway. My son-in-law, the doctor, wants a light buggy and harness; he'll take yours at a fair price, I know. As for the cows, I lost one the other day, and an odd one or two won't hurt me; and I heard neighbor Jones say, just before I went west, that he'd like to summer a couple more. So that disposes of the lot. The sheep ought to sell readily, and I guess it won't take long to find a market for them. Leave all these things to me; I'll make the proper arrangements and see that everything is settled to suit you. And if the boy needs help at any time I'll send up my man and team. God will bless such a boy as yours, sister Gray; God will bless him."

The deacon sighed deeply as he arose to go. Perhaps he was thinking of his only son, who had been a severe trial to him, and who even then was in exile from his father's house.

After Deacon Smith had gone the mother and son talked long and earnestly together about the future. As Mrs. Gray listened to Ralph's plans for the summer, she was more and more surprised at the maturity of thought and spirit of determination he displayed.

"I am confident, mother," he said, "that I can take care of you and Bessie. Of course, I must give up school except in the winter months, but I hope to read and study some with you. I shall undertake on the farm only what I feel sure I can carry through with a little outside help. We shall have to be careful of expenses, of course; but, above everything else, let us determine that we will not run into debt."

Though Mrs. Gray had some misgivings as to the result of the undertaking, she, nevertheless, felt it wiser to let Ralph try what he could do for that year. It would delay the giving up of the farm, if nothing more, and since all the debts except the mortgage were now provided for, she was herself disposed to remain. With proper care, their situation could surely be no worse another year than at the present time. Had Ralph told his mother, however, of the whole purpose of his heart, to pay off as fast as possible, the mortgage, her misgivings would have been greater still. For the present he wisely kept this purpose to himself.

The weeks that followed were busy ones to Ralph. The summer's wood was hauled to the door and cut up. The fences about the farm were put in thorough repair. With the coming of settled weather he prepared to plow and plant.

After consultation with Deacon Smith, he decided to plant but two acres (one to corn and one to potatoes), besides the kitchen garden. Ralph had expected to do the plowing himself, but to this Deacon Smith would not listen, and though very busy, as fast as Ralph got the land ready to plow, he sent up his own man and team to do the work. The deacon himself looked in on Ralph every week or two. At one time he brought a dozen turkey eggs, advising Ralph to put

them under some setting hen. "They'll be worth something bye and bye," he said. At another time he drove into the yard with a young pig in his wagon. "Here, Ralph," he called out, "I thought if you'd feed this fellow well he wouldn't come amiss next fall." In many ways did the kind old man seek to encourage and help Ralph in his undertakings.

Still the greater part of the work on the farm was done by Ralph alone. In mowing time he had to have help, but later in the season he found odd times to work for others, and this in a measure offset the outgo.

It would be a long story to tell of all the struggles and trials of the summer. Discouragements there were. Once Baby Bessie was very sick, and the mother and son were well-nigh exhausted by anxiety and care. But there were blessings also. The mother's health had not been so good for years. The season was a promising one. The sheep and turkeys and hens seemed to put forth their best efforts, as if saying, "Ralph, we'll do our best to help you." The hay crop was unusually good, and a ready market was found for all that could be spared. And, best of all, there was careful management, so that Ralph kept ahead of his work and steadily avoided all debt.

"Mother," he remarked one day, as she was commenting on their prosperity, "I think I have learned the secret of making a farm pay. It is in selling hay, not in buying it. I have noticed that the farmers who winter so much stock, and have to buy fodder before spring, always find it hard to make both ends meet. I think that hay is worth more to sell than to feed on our small farm. Anyway our success this summer turned on the fact that we had ten tons of good hay to sell. However," he thoughtfully added, "without that other secret of keeping inside of one's income, I don't know that this alone would have brought us success."

The fall with its harvest came. As Ralph busily gathered in the fruits of his toil, he thought that his cup of blessing ran over. In the husking the mother found time to help; in the apple gathering even "Baby Bessie" found something for her chubby hands to do.

A few evenings before Thanksgiving, Ralph and his mother sat by the fire in their

little sitting room. He was very busy with his account book, and she was doing some light sewing. They had that day received an invitation to spend Thanksgiving with Deacon Smith, an invitation they had gratefully accepted. Suddenly Ralph looked up, and, with a sparkle in his eye and a sound of triumph in his tones, asked:

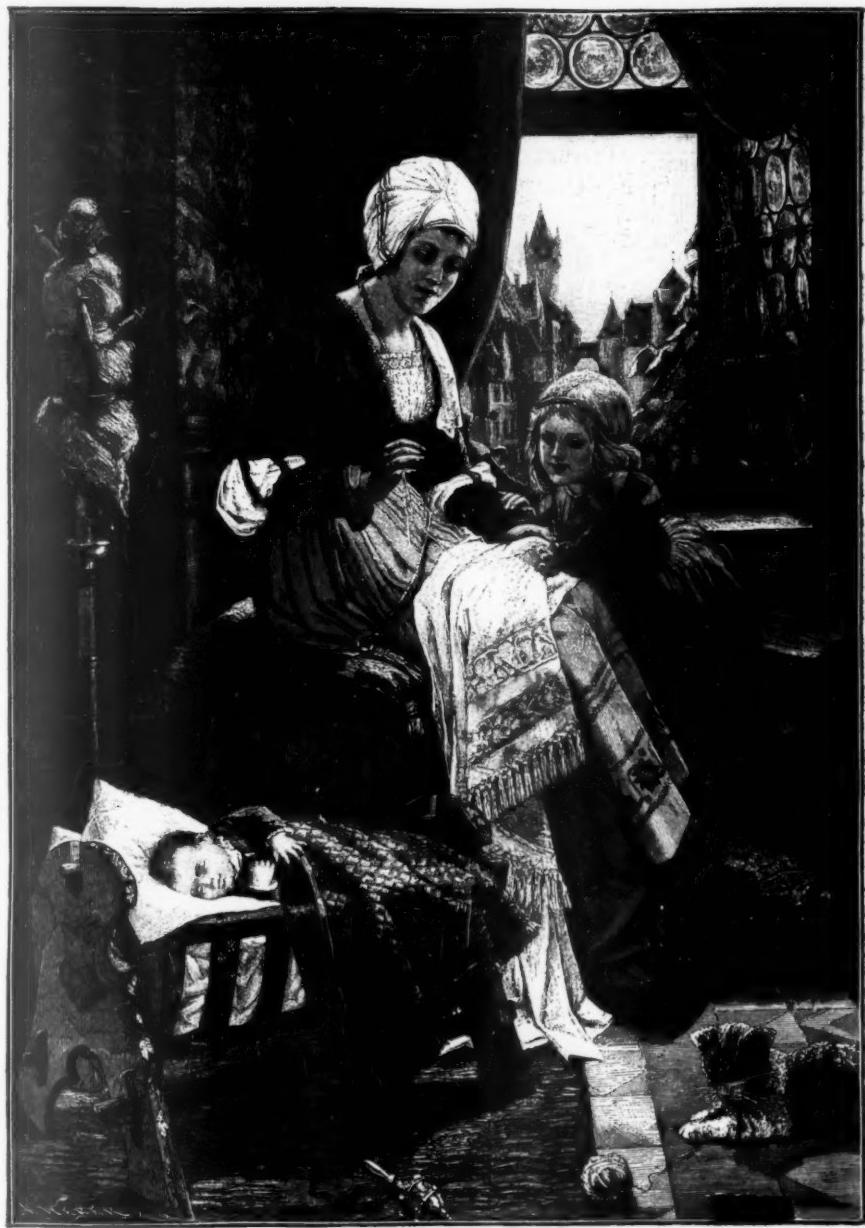
"Mother, shall I tell you just how we have come out this year?"

"Certainly, Ralph." And the mother laid aside her work and smiled at her eager boy.

"We have sold," went on Ralph rapidly, "since last March two hundred and twelve dozen of eggs, which have brought us fifty-three dollars. We have sold ten tons of hay at fifteen dollars per ton; one hundred bushels of potatoes at one dollar per bushel; ten turkeys and forty-three chickens, for which we got forty-six dollars and a half; ten lambs that brought forty dollars, and wool that fetched six dollars more; for Daisy's calf we got seven dollars and thirty cents. We have sold fruit, wood, milk, and butter that have amounted to over sixty dollars; and I have earned by working for others nineteen dollars and a half. The total amount is four hundred and eighty-two dollars and forty-one cents. We have paid out for groceries and provisions one hundred and four dollars and twenty cents; for grain, sixty-two dollars and seventy-five cents; for meat, fifteen dollars and thirty-six cents; for interest on mortgage, thirty dollars; for dry goods and clothing, forty-six dollars and seventy cents; for work, sixty-five dollars and twenty-five cents; the doctor's bill of twelve dollars; and for sundry articles, twenty-one dollars and sixty-one cents; making a total outgo of three hundred and fifty-seven dollars and eighty-seven cents. This leaves a balance in hand of one hundred and twenty-four dollars and fifty-four cents."

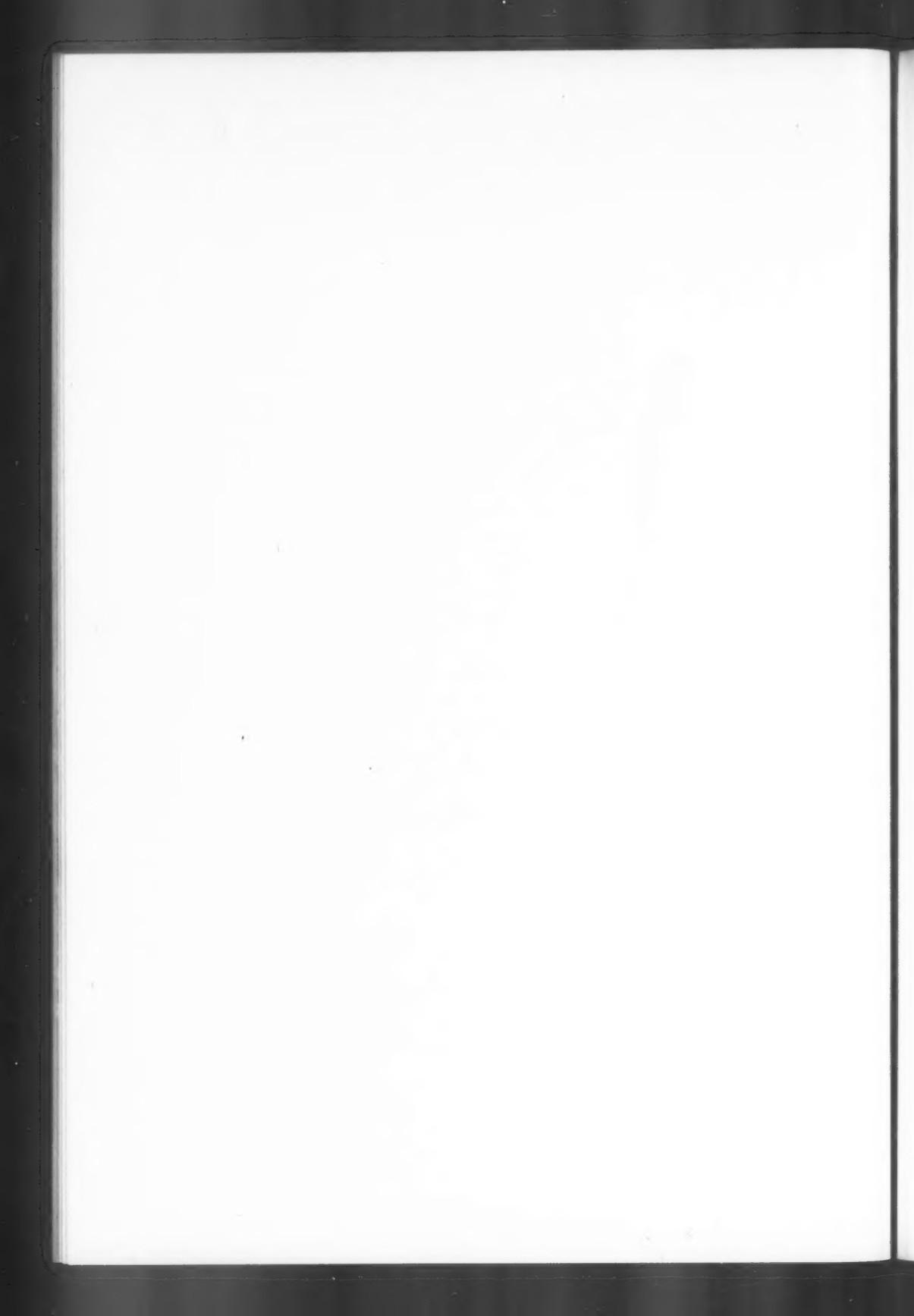
Ralph hesitated a moment and then dropping on his knees by his mother's side and laying one hand on her shoulder, while the other rested on the arm of her chair, he continued earnestly:

"This is saying nothing, mother, of the corn in the crib, the pork and vegetables in the cellar, some of which we can still spare; nor of the wood we can still sell. Don't you think it will be safe to pay Deacon



MATERNAL FELICITY.

From the painting by J. Koppers.



Smith on Thanksgiving day one hundred dollars of the mortgage?"

Ralph waited anxiously for his mother's reply. Tears gathered in her eyes, and a moment after she threw her arms about his neck and sobbed aloud. For ten years her husband had tried to pay this debt. It had been the burden of his life, and yet not a dollar had he been able to pay. It was true that there had been sickness and losses during this time, which had increased the expenses. It was equally true that the present year had been an exceptional one. Still she saw that had the same forethought been exercised in the past years as in the present one, the debt on the farm might long ago have been paid. She saw a thoughtfulness and thoroughness in her darling boy that she and her husband had never manifested. She felt that if the life of her boy was spared their home would be theirs indeed, and her tears were tears of joy and thankfulness for such a son.

Through the winter Ralph steadily attended the village school, busying himself during his spare hours at such work on the farm as he could find to do. He read everything he could find on farming, and subscribed for a first-class agricultural paper. He soon became convinced that there was a relation between soil, fertilizer, and crop, and this led to a marked change in his farming methods. During the winter months he arranged several hot-beds on a southern slope back of the barn. He had decided to make a specialty of early garden produce. He also aimed to have his lambs and poultry early in market. He hired more help than

the year before, and laid out considerable money on the best fertilizers, but he was well paid in immediate returns. The mother, with great confidence in her son, let him carry out his plans, and the year not only brought a fuller support for the family, but also reduced the mortgage two hundred dollars.

Last spring I accompanied Ralph over his farm. He was nineteen, four years having elapsed since his father died. The farm was in thorough order. Twenty acres were under cultivation. His stock had been increased. Two cows grazed by Daisy's side. A flock of forty sheep were in the hill pasture. A pair of stout farm horses now did old Dolly's work. A hired man was kept the year round. Every dollar of the mortgage had been paid the year before.

In reply to a question of mine about farming as a life work, he enthusiastically said:

"There is no life like it. I once thought the last thing in the world I would be was a farmer. Now I would follow no other occupation. There is an independence in it that no other life offers. There is an opportunity in it for study and experiment second to no other calling. Farming as a science is still elementary, though as a practical business it is the oldest of the earth."

"What are the elements of success?" I asked.

"Mine are these four," he laughingly answered. "I call them my four 'don'ts.' Don't keep more stock than your farm can feed; don't get behind with your work; don't fail to be early in market with whatever you have to sell; don't run in debt."

AN OBJECTION TO THE NEBULAR THEORY.

HELMHOLTZ, the great physicist, has attempted to demonstrate that the sun was originally a nebulous mass, devoid of heat, extending far beyond the most distant planet; that its heat was produced by the gravitation and condensation of this mass. By computation it has been shown that if he is right, this heat would be dissipated in 20,000,000 or 30,000,000 years. But geologists say that at least 90,000,000 years are required for the formation of the oldest stratified rocks. To

reconcile this antagonism between physics and the nebular theory, James Croll, in his new work on "Climate and Cosmology," contends that the nebulous mass was originally in a state of high temperature caused by its motion in space. If he is right, no limit practically can be placed upon the age of the sun. The time that has elapsed since it was a nebulous mass is great enough to allow for the production of the oldest stratified rocks.

A ROMANCE OF INVENTION.

From the German.



He who adversity defies,
In himself wholly relies,
Is able misfortune to bear,
Ne'er is unnerved by despair,
Draws to his aid
The strong arm of the gods.

Goethe.

UNDER lowly roofs, in the body and mind-destroying atmosphere of want and misery, remote from the centers of culture and refinement, oft are born those who figure conspicuously in the annals of history as the saviors, the benefactors, and the umpires of the destinies of the human race. And of these the number would be greater still, if to many a one, struggling in the fulness of his powers to attain a lofty ideal, were only spared the bitter fight for a miserable existence—if the tired swimmer were only extended a friendly hand before being overcome by life's rushing torrent which threatens to draw him under. Inspiring indeed is the spectacle of a life whose light first dimly flickered in society's depths, going out upon its heights, after having shed its radiance upon mankind, and diffused through the medium of a manful character a beneficent warmth in many a heart.

All this in the fullest sense may be said of George Stephenson, the son of a poor colliery hand, born at Wylam, in Northumberland, England, June 9th, 1781. The history of this man is one that deserves to be better known to our youth than that of the most distinguished soldier or statesman; for, aside from the fact that the unblemished purity of Stephenson's character has a rare attraction to every lover of virtue, he stands in closer sympathy with our age than the heroes of the battle-field or of diplomacy. His virtues are virtues that will serve as patterns in every-day life; we need them in the hours of despair and temptation; we need them in the hours of impending injustice to ourselves or to others.

Near the house of Stephenson's father lay a track over which the colliers moved the coal taken from the mines. This made such an impression on the lad that he built, for his own amusement, a small model of the cars and track. He grew up without school instruction, and for a time herded cows. Later he became a fireman under his father; from this post he was soon promoted to that of apprentice in the machine shop, in which latter position he became so impressed with the importance of an education that he began attending night school, where, notwithstanding the fatigues of his daily toil, he learned drawing, reading, and writing, with surprising rapidity. To increase his regular earnings, he mended shoes and cleaned watches. Believing that now his position in life was secure, he married a domestic named Fannie Henderson, after having beaten his rival, a redoubtable bully, in a boxing match, of which nearly all the villagers were spectators.

For ten years he struggled along without achieving any marked success, and had the misfortune, after two years of a happy union, to lose his excellent wife. Returning from Scotland, where he had secured work, Stephenson found his father blind, and the whole family steeped in the deepest poverty.

He paid all his father's debts, which used up his slender means, and took his relatives to Killingworth, where he got a situation as machinist. After the lapse of a few years, during which he had saved up a small sum of money, he was drafted into the militia. Stephenson was forced to part with his savings to procure a substitute. At times he was very down-hearted and thought seriously of leaving his native land; but his hands were never idle. No misfortune could overwhelm him. With his shrewd, practical sense, he sought to create new sources of income; to this end, he became tailor to the colliers. He gave up his leisure hours to the study of mechanics, and distinguished himself from time to time as a very talented engineer.

Like many of his contemporaries, his active brain was occupied with the problem of the locomotive. In the beginning of the present century Trevithick invented a machine with which he traveled on the road from Cornwallis to London, and all along the way the superstitious country people believed they saw in him his Satanic Majesty. The idea of using tracks to overcome traction resistance was not new; for as early as the year 1700, wooden tracks were used. But no one had, up to this time, invented a machine with great drawing power combined with speed, that was cheaper than other means of transportation. Inventors hesitated whether to run their machines on tracks or on ordinary roads, and few of them foresaw the many difficulties in the way of successfully building these railway tracks. It was left to Stephenson to invent a machine that, in every way, met the requirements of the problem, and to forever establish the relation between the locomotive and the track, and practically to begin the work of railway building.

As early as the year 1815 he built an incomplete locomotive for the colliery works; but he only succeeded in giving full expression to his plans after he had established his works at Newcastle. A reward of £1,000 given him by the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society for his invention of the safety lamp furnished him the means for this undertaking. In the year 1822 he built for a colliery company a locomotive having a speed of four miles an hour.

About this time he made the acquaintance of a Mr. Pease, who had projected a horse-car line between Stockton and Darlington. Stephenson induced him to use steam as the motive power. The railroad line was opened September 27th, 1825. With several hundred passengers and considerable freight on board, a speed of from four to six miles per hour was attained, and this speed could be increased to twelve miles. This success was of great importance. The ease in transporting merchandise, the necessity for which was annually increasing, the fact that the passenger traffic, at first regarded as an unimportant factor, was constantly on the increase (railway coaches were at first drawn by horses), made famous the undertaking of the daring engineer. The cities of Manchester and Liverpool, whose cotton interests had in the meantime grown to colossal proportions, and which were now only connected by canal, looked with envy and wonder upon the new Stockton and Darlington line. The canal was insufficient for the bringing in of the raw material and the taking away of the manufactured products; and, when the canal was frozen over, the mills had to remain idle, which occasioned much suffering among the workmen. Distinguished men of both places, in consequence, decided to connect the two cities by railroad, and to entrust the building of the line to Stephenson. But from the time of conception to the execution of the project, ten years elapsed. The landowners, the tenants, the farmers, a large number of the city people, the draymen—in short, the great majority, remonstrated against the undertaking, which to them seemed of a highly dangerous and revolutionary character. Scholars branded Stephenson's ideas as fantastic, chimerical, and utopian, and Parliament treated him with contemptuous disregard. But Stephenson did not lose courage, despite the attitude of Parliament, the attacks of the learned, and the complaints of the populace. When, after a thousand difficulties, the tracks were laid, he had still his hardest battle to fight; for now came up the important question of motive power. Nearly every one of any note was opposed to the locomotive, and it was only through that perseverance acquired in his more than forty years' untiring struggle with difficulties, that he succeeded in inducing the leading men to oblige them-

selves to the extent of £500 for a locomotive of a speed of not less than ten miles an hour. On the 6th of October, 1829, and for several days following, the "Rocket," which he had built at his works, exceeded all other machines in speed. He had attained such perfection in the construction of his machine that he could make a run of twenty-nine miles in one hour.

Stephenson had now reached the goal of his ambition; the railroad age had come. The construction of another line was entrusted to him, and in the year 1840, being nearly sixty years of age, Stephenson withdrew from all his extensive operations to his country seat, Tapton House, near Chesterfield.

We have already said that Stephenson's achievements were not the conception of entirely new ideas, but the happy solution of a long debated problem.

Goethe's words may in this connection be felicitously applied :

Is not every element
In the chaotic all?
What, then, is there original
Upon this earthly ball?

Worthier of greater admiration than his brilliant mechanical career are those traits of unbending endurance, without which it is likely that his talents would never have attained their full development.

A refreshing modesty and a noble self-denial characterized him in every situation of his life ; he did not become embittered, although England had failed to bestow even the slightest recognition upon one of the best of her sons. The explanation of this is readily given : Stephenson, according to a classical expression, "was a man of no birth," and had not played cricket at a fashionable college. It was only after his death that England erected monuments to the memory of this great man, and recently she sought to discharge her debt of gratitude by festivities in many parts of the kingdom. On the 9th of June, 1881, celebrations were held at the Crystal Palace, and at Chesterfield, in honor of Stephenson ; the most notable festivities, however, were those at Wylam, eight miles distant from Newcastle, the principal town of Northumberland, where Stephenson's locomotive works are still in full operation. From all parts of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Yorkshire, and the southern parts of Scot-

land, came multitudes of people, chiefly working men, on foot, on horseback, and by rail, to the festal city. Most of the collieries and factories had stopped work, and Stephenson's monument was surrounded by countless plants and flowers. While a procession three miles long, of horses and wagons, passed through the streets, a meeting was held at Bathlane, at which it was resolved, in the future, to celebrate in a befitting manner the memory of Stephenson. The erection of a monument in Wylam was not considered. It was justly recognized that the worth of this great man could be better testified to in some other manner. Mr. Cowan, the chairman of the meeting, pronounced a eulogy on the life of Stephenson, which was listened to amid great applause. He made a proposition to establish a fund for the education of needy and worthy young men who might wish to pursue the study of mechanics. This proposition was unanimously approved.

Thousands of people about this time thronged the vicinity of the Central depot, in which were ranged a number of locomotives that had been used fifty years before, when the railway system was in its infancy. Shortly after 8 o'clock a curious train left the station. It consisted of sixteen locomotives of the latest construction, which had been sent to Newcastle by the great railway companies as representing in a manner the modern railway system. About 9 o'clock a train having on board the mayor of Newcastle, the city council, the engineers of the different railway lines, many members of Parliament, and foreign guests, drew into the depot at Wylam.

The gentlemen proceeded on foot to the well preserved house where Stephenson's cradle stood. It is a genuine English cottage, one story in height, with a broad window on each side of the door, and with two substantial chimneys at each end of the roof. The mayor planted, a few steps from the house, an oak sapling, saying that he trusted when the two hundredth anniversary of the great man was celebrated, the people might assemble beneath the shady branches of the full-grown tree, and remember the feelings of gratitude and admiration that animated the present assemblage.

The wonderful progress of civilization to which the Wylam colliery hand gave such

an impetus, is still going on. The conquests of the mighty steam horse are not yet completed. Great stretches of country are yet awaiting cultivation, and the plan is being seriously considered to penetrate through the Siberian wilds into the populous parts of Asia, and over the glistening sands of the Sahara to the interior of Africa. It will only be when the whole world is connected by bands of iron that the full significance of

the invention of the Northumberland hero will be fully understood ; and, notwithstanding the many inventions of the present day, it will be a long time ere the spectacle of the swift-fleeting steam horse, rushing along the mountain sides, on over the boundless prairies, and in its underground courses, will be rivalled, and long ere the fame and greatness of Stephenson will grow less in the eyes of a wondering world.

THE SAGUENAY.

By W. A. CROFFUT.

REJOICE, my soul, for thou hast had
Right royal company to-day;
Attired in fir and hemlock spray,
She came, so savage, grand, and sad,
Queen of the northern woods, the peerless Saguenay !

Draped in the twilight's lilac veil,
She moved, all modestly bedight;
Then, as the regnant orb of night
A vesture flung o'er hill and dale,
She caught the sheen and robed her lustrous limbs with light.

Where'er our vapory dragons go,
The dryads of this somber hall,
And nymphs, and gnomes have vanished all—
All save the mighty Manitou,
Who hides within his caves and answers to our call.

No life within these solitudes !
No bird upon the haunted shore !
Here pygmy man may bow before
Stern nature in her primal moods
And learn to reverence her spirit more and more.

The sun seems alien. Sheer above
Loom the precipitate mountains vast,
And o'er the abyss their menace cast,
While, in each iron-buttressed cove,
Gloom lurks and scowls until the intrusive day be past.

Loch Lomond of a wilder West !
We list for Roderick's martial strain,
And watch where Rob Roy's plaid again
May flutter from some craggy crest,
Or Ellen's fairy skiff may skim the shining plain,

Or heather blossom where the hill
May put its purple garment on;
The vision comes, and, lo ! is gone,
For the unfathomed fissure still
Stretches away—away—a thousand lakes in one.

No grim sarcophagus thou art,
But cradle of a life to be
And temple of its majesty;
The very silence of the heart
That throbs in thine abyss a message brings to me.

Then sing, my soul ! for thou hast had
Right royal company to-day;
In evergreens and granite gray
She came, magnificently clad—
Queen of the northern woods—the savage Saguenay !



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

By a Rambler.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL is the parish church of one of the largest dioceses in the world, and the bishop of London, who has charge of it, has abundance of work to perform, but he has plenty of assistance, and receives \$50,000 per year for his services. He has a throne to sit upon in the Cathedral, is a spiritual peer of the realm, has a seat in the House of Lords, and, when he goes home to dine, he goes to a palace, and is waited upon by numerous servants in livery and powdered hair.

The difference between a cathedral and an ordinary church consists chiefly in the see of the bishop being at the former. The governing body of a cathedral is called the dean and chapter, *i. e.*, the dean and the canons, who meet for corporate purposes in the chapter-house of the cathedral. The

property of the cathedral rests in this body. They elect the bishop of the diocese on the issue of a *congé d'élire*, or permission to elect, from the crown, but as the person to be elected is always named, and they may be compelled by a legal process to elect that person, and no other, the election is merely a form. The bishop is "visitor" of the dean and chapter. All members of cathedrals are styled canons except the dean. Their seat in the Cathedral is called their stall. They must reside at the cathedral three months in each year. The canons of Durham, Manchester, St. Paul's, and Westminster receive \$5,000 each year for performing three months' service. As most of them have also livings of great value, some worth \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year, in the provincial towns and rural districts, their lot in life is

exceedingly smooth and comfortable. A clergyman, who is a canon of a cathedral and vicar of a rural church, always keeps a curate to attend to the duties of the latter. The curate receives from \$200 to \$500 a year from the vicar, who is generally rich, living in the style of a nobleman, having horses and carriages, and servants in livery, etc. In addition to the regular canons of the cathedral, there are honorary canons, who, when they feel like it, go into residence for awhile. They receive no pay. Then there are generally half a dozen minor canons continually in residence at the cathedral, and these do all the work and get the least pay. It is their duty to perform the daily choral service, which is intoned.

The Cathedral, which is one of the finest ecclesiastical structures in the world, is situated at the east end of Ludgate Hill, extending to Cheapside, and was built by Sir Christopher Wren. It was commenced in 1675 and completed in 1710, at a cost of nearly \$4,000,000. It would cost twice as much in these days. It is built in the form of a cross, is 514 feet long by 286 wide; the cross which surmounts the ball over the dome is 356 feet above the marble pavement below.

Nothing can be more delightfully refreshing to mind and body than to enter the cool, vast building on a hot summer's morning, and ramble slowly and leisurely among the stupendous piles of marble which compose the colonnades, statuary, monuments, and altars to be seen on every hand. There are numerous chapels within the Cathedral, the principal one being that in which daily service is held. If you enter through the great doors on the west side at 10 o'clock A. M., and take up a position directly under the vast and lofty dome, you will, if you have a passion for music, become almost overpowered with emotion from the wonderful and sublime effect of the sacred harmony pealing forth from choir and organ. At one moment there comes with tremendous force and grandeur, a storm of melody, now in the natural and again in the minor key. Its echo reverberates through the mighty arches and floats through aisle and nave, losing itself in the wide expanse of the dome. Then there come, sweetly and faintly, the voices of the choral boys, shrill and clear, high above the altos, the tenors, and basses,

which accompany them in softened cadence. And the voices of the youthful choristers echo and re-echo through the vast Cathedral. Such is the marvelous effect upon the listener that he becomes lost to all the world, and is wrapt up in solemn meditation. Instinctively the heart goes up to God; the soul, in its majesty, asserts its supremacy over the body, for here it meets with the solace of heaven and the music of the angels.

As you approach the great bronze gates that inclose the chapel where service is being performed, and peep through the ornamental open-work of which they are composed, you will see the white-robed singers, to the number of a hundred men and boys, standing in their stalls, three rows of them on the right-hand side of the great chancel, and three on the left. The canons and minor canons are also robed in white, wearing their hoods of scarlet, purple, or black, according to their colleges and degrees. The great painted window over the altar sheds a flood of divers colors upon the scene, wrapping it in a "dim religious light." As you stand at these beautiful gates, you will be directly under the great organ, which, from its altitude, seems more like a small, gilded toy than the mighty and complete instrument that it really is, the keys of which are touched by a doctor of music, whose talents have won for him the honor of knighthood at the hands of the Queen of England.

If you ask one of the vergers, a number of whom, with their long black gowns and long white rods of office, are stationed in different parts of the Cathedral, he will take you up a series of winding stairs to what is called the "whispering gallery," a narrow pathway around the interior of the dome, and situated half way between the floor of the cathedral and the summit of the dome. A high railing makes this promenade safe, though few people care to glance over this guard and see the tiny specks, representing human beings, on the floor below, and upward to another small gallery immediately under the golden cross. Visitors to the whispering gallery generally shun the railing and keep close to the wall. The verger will ask you to remain and put your ear to the wall, while he goes over to the opposite side of the gallery, hundreds of feet away, and

whispers to you. Though so far away, you can hear his whispered story of the building of St. Paul's Cathedral with the greatest distinctness. It is in this whispering gallery, where the visitor can hear, perhaps, the sublimest musical effect on earth. If he happens to be there at the singing of the morning anthem, unless he is debased and depraved beyond all hope, he will feel stealing over his senses the divine influences that inspire him with a fuller appreciation of the majesty, power, and dominion of the Most High than he had ever felt before.

In mid-air, perched upon a narrow pathway, the visitor gazes upon the astounding works of man, in which he has immortalized his genius, and impressed his faith with undying emblems in stone and bronze. Let no man ignorantly decry the builders of these vast temples, called cathedrals. Their imposing and majestic grandeur, coupled with the gorgeous ritual and sublime music of the services held therein, have drawn millions upon millions nearer to God. Under their benign influences the rude barbarians of Europe have been tamed, and hordes of savage ruffians taught to bend the knee and shed the tear of penitence. Countless millions have, through the influence of

cathedral music, turned from their evil ways into the paths of truth and virtue; and old St. Paul's, of London, has done its share in noble work.

An interesting feature in connection with Sunday services at the cathedral was introduced by the late Dean Milman. He organized popular evening services, and had seats for over 15,000 persons placed directly under the great dome. The writer was present, many years ago, at several of these services, and, although he has attempted to describe them, has always failed. Perhaps the reader can imagine the effect of the choral service rendered by the choir alone, and the popular hymns, in which 15,000 earnest English men and women joined heartily, and the final "Old Hundred."

There are many curious and interesting things to be seen in St. Paul's cathedral. By paying the verger sixpence, or a shilling, he will take you into the cross at the summit of the dome, and into the crypt, where lie the mortal remains of many illustrious Englishmen, including Lord Nelson, of Trafalgar, and the Duke of Wellington, of Waterloo fame. Sir Christopher Wren and his family lie buried there also.

MY NORMANDY.

From the French of Florian by PAUL J. SCHLICHT.

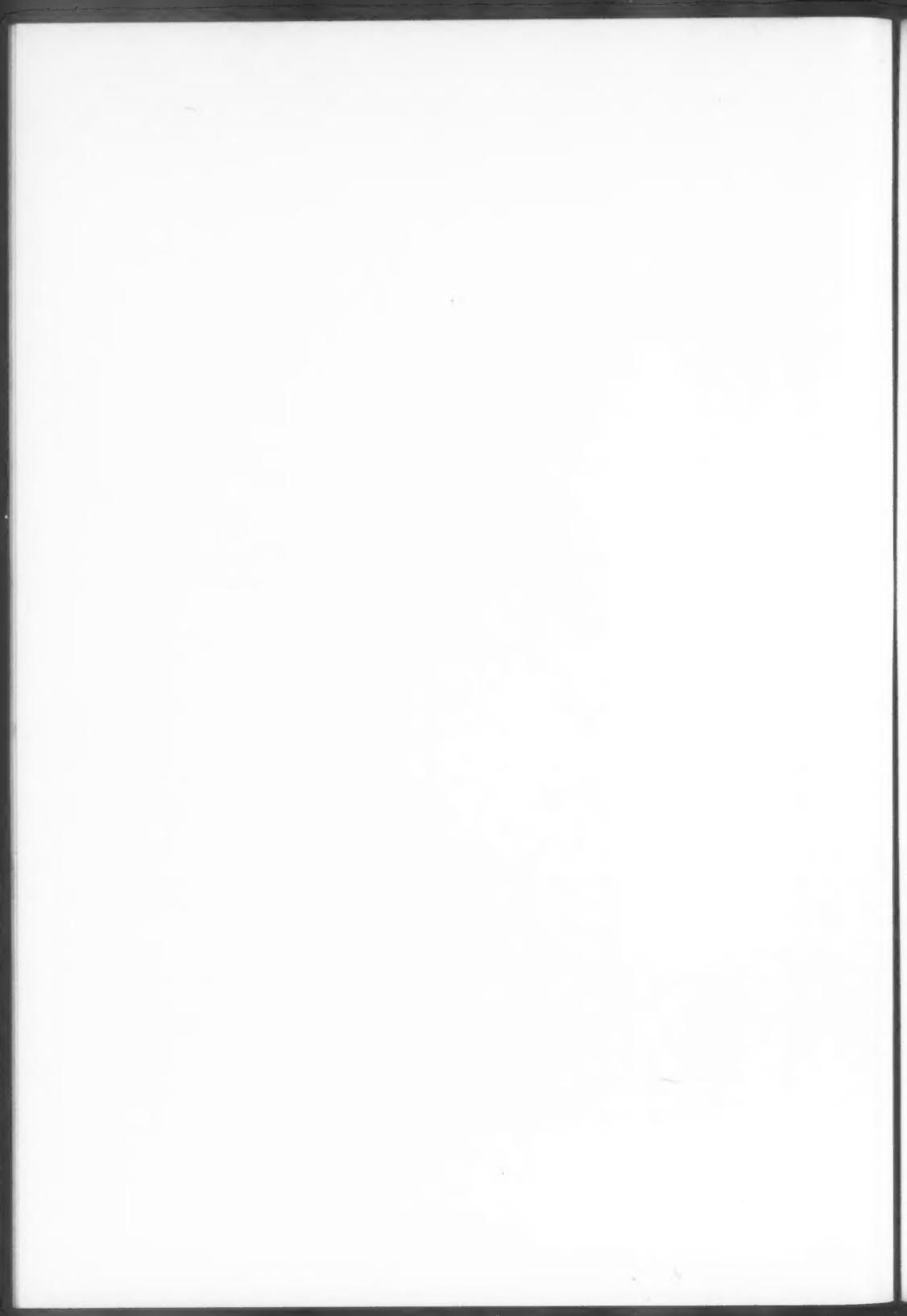
WHEN Spring's slow pulse begins to throb,
And winter far away has sped;
When 'neath the azure skies of France
The sun his rays does softer shed;
When nature's garb again is green,
And welcome swallows greet the sight,
Then I'll return to Normandy,
The land where first I saw the light.

I've seen Helvetia's wonders all—
Her fields of ice, the huts she rears;
I've seen the skies of Italy,
And Venice with her gondoliers:
And in saluting every land,
I've said that none has met my sight
That can compare with Normandy,
The land where first I saw the light.

There is a season in our lives
When all our dreams have had an end—
A season when the weary soul
In mem'ry finds a faithful friend;
When cold at last my muse has grown,
And songs of love no more delight,
Then I'll return to Normandy,
The land where first I saw the light.



SCENES IN NORMANDY.



M. DURAND'S LOTTERY PRIZE.

From the French.

M. OCTAVER DURAND was carelessly reading his morning paper, when the following exclamation suddenly escaped him : "News indeed!"

"What is the matter?" asked his wife in a rather surprised tone of voice. "Have stocks gone up? Have the Chinese disappeared? Has the murderer of the Prefect of the Eure been discovered?"

"No, nothing of the kind. How do these things concern me? But number 4,444 has been drawn," cried he excitedly.

"What do you mean by 4,444?" inquired his wife.

"Another illustration of your fine memory!" rejoined M. Durand, sarcastically. "I refer to the Egyptian lottery. I have just this moment learned that my ticket, which is number 4,444, is one of the lucky numbers!" he exclaimed, with a radiant face.

"Really! What do you get?" asked Mme. Durand.

"I don't know yet; but, according to the paper, my number is among those that draw big prizes."



During the whole day and the night following this revelation, the Durand family built many air castles, founded on vague conjectures as to the lucky number.

On the following day there was a great crowd before the Palace of Industry, where the Egyptian lottery prizes were. Every time a happy winner passed out with his prize, he was greeted with good-natured congratulations, more or less exasperating, according to the nature of the prize he carried away. A member of a corps of sappers and miners was just passing out amid the hearty cheers of the crowd, bearing in triumph a green parrot in his right hand, and a white parrot in his left. M. Durand hurried, not without certain misgivings, into the immense hall. An employé carefully scrutinized his ticket and then led him, without a word, to the southern end of the building. He drew aside a curtain and showed the anxious Durand the prize he had won.

It was a dromedary, a real dromedary, with skin and bones. It was kneeling indolently, with its under lip hanging down. With a dreamy look in its eyes, it gazed at its new owner with a sort of oriental gravity.

"What! Is that mine?" cried M. Durand, terror stricken.

"Yes, monsieur," replied the employé.

"But that is a camel, that animal there!"

"No, monsieur," said the attendant; "that is a dromedary; any one can see that."

"How can one tell that?" asked M. Durand.

"You see," said the attendant; "its snout is less prominent than the camel's, its head is less elevated, its skin softer and more woolly; in short, it has but one hump."

"So the dromedary has but one hump," said M. Durand reflectively. "What has become of the other?"

"I don't know," said the attendant; "Monsieur has evidently never been at the Zoological Garden."

"Yes, but I never paid attention to such things. I shall now know that only camels have two humps. *Sapristi!* How shall I lead this beast away?"

"By its bridle, monsieur," calmly answered the attendant.

"That's so," murmured M. Durand.

Then, with a feeling of nervousness at the thought of the fun-loving crowd that surrounded the Palace of Industry, M. Durand added:

"Could I not board this big animal with you for a few days?"

"Impossible, monsieur," said the attendant; "the Palace must be vacated to-night for the horse show."

"Conduct him at least to my house, or I should say, my stable," added M. Durand despairingly.

"What will my landlord say? He will surely raise my rent," he mentally ejaculated.

"It is my duty, monsieur," said the attendant, "to deliver the prizes, and I cannot leave the Palace."

"It is I, then," exclaimed M. Durand, "who must lead away this enormous quadruped."

"Yes, monsieur, you must; you will please make haste."

As M. Durand was speaking, a guard of the Palace, with a severe expression on his face, approached and said in a petulant tone:

"Come, move along quickly! Do you hear, you man with the camel?"

"It is not a camel, monsieur; it is a dromedary," said M. Durand apologetically. "You see, do you not, that it has but one hump?"

"It's a camel I am talking about anyway. But I am no authority on camels. Get out of here quickly; you are blocking the passage. Move along!" gruffly muttered the guard.

"If you think it's easy in such a crowd, you are greatly mistaken," said M. Durand, in an injured tone.

"No observations, monsieur. Move!"

M. Durand, with the dromedary's bridle in his hand and a most melancholy look on his face, led the animal toward the central exit. When both appeared, great shouts of laughter were raised. There was no end of giggling and jesting. The street urchins and hangers-on raised deafening cries. It must be admitted that the spectacle somewhat justified this hilarity. The little stout man, pulling with all his might at the bridle

of the powerful animal was indeed a comical sight. The dromedary, frightened at the noise, refused all at once to advance. M. Durand, breathless and perspiring, suddenly hit upon an expedient. He remembered something he had observed at the Zoological Garden. He whistled twice, pulled the bridle from left to right, and forced the beast on its knees; then he climbed into the little wooden saddle in front of its hump. No sooner had he become seated than the dromedary moved at a tremendous pace in the direction of the Place de la Concorde.



M. Durand, not accustomed to this kind of locomotion, began to regret his venturesome spirit. He wound the bridle around his hands several times, and thus tightened the cord attached to the ring that passed through the right nostril of the dromedary. The animal, excited by this, quickened its pace. The crowd ran in pursuit, and their cries only redoubled its speed. M. Durand, tossed to the left, tossed to the right, thrown upon his back, thrown upon his nose, commenced to experience all the doleful sensations of sea sickness.

On the way, M. Durand met several friends, who saluted him with puzzled looks. At length, after several painful adventures, he arrived at his domicile. He softly called

the concierge and bade him open the stable door. The man, at the sight of the animal, raised loud cries and ran to get the landlord. The tenants, astonished, rushed to the windows.

Here again the air rang with jeering laughter. Mme. Durand, hearing the noise, quickly descended the stairs, and upon seeing herself face to face with a dromedary, breathing most vigorously, fell in a fainting fit. Five hundred curious spectators surrounded poor Durand, who with his eyes jumping out of their sockets, began to rattle away at a furious rate. "What shall I do? What will become of me? Where shall I go?" he cried.

At this moment, as though providentially, an employé of the Zoological Garden came along, but the man soon mingled with the crowd. M. Durand, however, singled him out.

"My friend," said he, in a supplicating manner, "will you conduct this animal to your garden? Offer it, with my respects, to the director. My name is Octave Durand. Will you, my friend?"

"Very willingly," replied he, "but I must have something for my trouble."

"How much do you want?"

"I will not conduct your dromedary for less than 100 francs. I tell you it is hard to conduct these beasts."

"I know it; here, take your 100 francs," cried M. Durand, who felt the necessity of taking a little rest after so many emotions.

No sooner had he entered his apartment, no sooner had he related his adventures to Mme. Durand, who had just recovered from her faint, when the door bell rang violently.

"It is the dromedary," gasped poor Durand.

No; it was an employé of the Palace of Industry, who brought a bill which read as follows: "No. 4,444, fodder for dromedary during two months, hay, straw, oats, etc., 600 francs."

"He was well fed, the rascal!" cried M. Durand, who, scarcely able to suppress his rage, settled the bill.

Then looking at his wife, who bewailed this extravagant expenditure of money, he said: "I swear to you, Eudoxie, I will never again take tickets in the Egyptian lottery; That animal has cured me of lotteries."



In the Zoological Garden a dromedary walks about gravely with a card bearing this inscription suspended from its neck: "The gift of M. Octave Durand, the celebrated explorer of Central Africa."



EASTER IN RUSSIA.

By EMIL VENIAMIANOVITCH BARI.

OF the ninety millions of subjects in the empire, under the sway of the Romanoffs, about seventy millions profess the faith of the Greek Catholic church, called by them *Prah'vo Slav'noyah*, or truly good—orthodox.

In 1862 the people celebrated the one thousandth anniversary of Russia's conversion to Christianity, the Greek faith having been formally adopted as the national religion in 862. In honor of this millennial celebration, the theaters in St. Petersburg under the control of the government were thrown open to the public, free of charge, for a week.

The Russian people are very superstitious. They worship images, make pilgrimages, and, without investigating for themselves the evidences of their religion, accept and believe all that may be presented to them by their priests, who are not overzealous to have their communicants versed in the doctrines of the Scriptures.

The religion of the Russian people is conspicuous for its outward display and splendor, and for the veneration, not only of the saints, but also of the churches themselves. The very ground on which a church is built is sacred to the Russian *muzhick*, or peasant, and the person would be considered very thoughtless, if not irreligious, who should pass even a chapel and not lift his hat in veneration of the place where may be found the image of some saint.

The calendar of the Greek church is dotted with holidays and holy days, which, one would think, ought to be devoted to religious services; but they are so devoted only to a very limited extent. The people generally attend mass, but after that even the most devout have no conscientious scruples against taking frequent and liberal potions of *volky*, a strong, intoxicating drink, and by nightfall many of them are not able to distinguish between the sun and the moon. Of course, the Lenten periods are numerous, and there is also the constant abstinence from meat on Wednesdays and Fridays by the devout adherents of the church. The longest and most prominent fasts, however,

are the two preceding Christmas and Easter, the former occupying six weeks, the latter seven. The week preceding the latter Lent is called in Russia *Maclinitza*, or butter week, and is a week of general festivity. All seem to be as joyous as possible, and during this period they indulge in a general carnival. The theaters are never more crowded, and in many cities the managers give as many as three performances daily in order to accommodate the masses who are looking forward (I cannot say with much joy) to the approaching fast. The entire week is devoted to all kinds of amusements, such as the circus, dances, skating, balls, fairs, and operas. The skating balls are held on the rivers, which are dotted with little ice houses, where also are reindeer and horse races. All is gayety and mirth.

Finally, the last day of festivity is over, and then comes the fast. During this period the bill of fare is very scanty. The devoted Greek-Catholic eats no meat, eggs, or cheese; uses no milk, butter, or even loaf sugar. He lives on fish, oil, cabbage, onions, etc. As these weeks draw to a close, the people forget the hardships of the Lenten season, and engage in the most extensive preparations for their Easter festivities. Everywhere, in the streets, in the shops, in the markets, in the homes, and not infrequently in the faces of the people, may be seen signs of the approaching feast and an unusual air of expectancy.

Even the devout women who may be found in solemn worship of the Saviour, who was crucified and buried, and the celebration of whose resurrection they are all anticipating with so much interest, have not been unmindful of the good things to be eaten at Easter, as their abundant preparations plainly indicate. How difficult it must have been for them to refrain from tasting the tempting viands they were preparing!

As the hours of 10 or 11 o'clock on the Saturday evening preceding Easter Sunday approach, the streets and thoroughfares are crowded. The sidewalks are so thronged that multitudes are forced to walk in the

streets. The churches, from the smallest and most insignificant chapels to the most gorgeous cathedrals, are jammed and crowded to suffocation. Most of the people are standing, there being no provision for sitting, in the way of pews or opera chairs, in the main body of a Greek church, such as we are accustomed to find in our occidental places of worship. Some will be there early, and continue standing on the hard and cold stone floor until the stroke of 12, when the Easter celebration begins. The atmosphere of such a crowd is not the most delicious, as you can easily believe when I remind you of the incense that has been burned for hours, and the thousands of candles that have been consumed, together with the fact that very many of the congregation do not despise either *votky* or onions.

As the chanting by the choir begins, and the priest solemnly announces that Christ is risen from the dead, "*Christos voskress!*"—the multitude break forth instantaneously, "*Vo isteno voskress!*"—"He is risen indeed!" Then begins the crowding to the altars; for in most of the prominent churches as many as ten or twelve priests are officiating at as many altars. The crowd, hungry because of their long abstinence, are anxiously waiting for their turn to approach the priest, that the food which they have brought may be tithed and blessed. I cannot say that they are all anxious to have their good things tithed, but as they must have them blessed before they are allowed to eat them, and as tithing precedes the sanctifying, they submit with good grace. There may be seen the greatest variety of eatables, and of all that is brought the priest takes such a portion as he chooses, and sometimes, if there chance to be something very tempting, a large portion will find its way to his plate. Money is also given to him on this occasion.

On every face may be seen an expression of happiness. As acquaintances meet, one salutes the other with "*Christos voskress!*" and the response to this salutation is, "*Vo isteno voskress!*" and then follows an embrace and a triple kiss, denoting that the kiss is a Christian greeting in the name of the Holy Trinity.

Standing in Isakovsky Sabor or St. Izak's cathedral, I see before me persons of all classes and grades, residents of the imperial city. This celebration has a wonderful hold

on the people. They come in flocks to commemorate the resurrection of Christ, whom many, at least, ignorantly worship. There you may see the *muzhick* in his *dublonka*, a coat made of sheepskin turned inside out. There beside him stands the tall form of a soldier or captain of the guards of his imperial majesty, dressed in the magnificent and imposing uniform worn by the body guard of the emperor. On the right I see the face of a self-satisfied, well-fed *kupecz*, or merchant, who seems none the worse for his seven weeks fasting, dressed in an expensive *shutah*, or fur coat. Merchants' frequently spend upwards of a thousand roubles, or \$600, for such a garment, and not infrequently as many as six *shutahs* may be found in the possession of one man. On the left of me I see the shivering form of an ill-clad, half starved, poorly paid *chinovnick*, or government official, whose main subsistence is derived from bribery; his nominal salary being so small that he could not possibly live on it.

The celebration does not end with the observance of the Easter festival at the church on that eventful evening, but continues, with many at least, for a whole week. As a general thing, the more prominent places of business are closed for three days. All government employés have a regular holiday. Many of the people require a whole week in which to recover from the feasting of the first few days. In consequence of the inordinate eating and drinking, there is always a great increase of sickness and drunkenness. A great many sudden deaths occur, caused principally by the sudden change of diet. For, seven weeks to one who has been long deprived of nutritious food, and confined to fish, oil, and vegetables, and whose appetite has been kept in subordination, are indeed long, and when a loose rein is given he devours (for in many cases eating is too mild an expression) whatever may be offered. Frequently people are taken violently ill, and on sending for the physician, it is found that they have eaten as many as a dozen hard-boiled eggs, which had been colored for Easter. In their weakened condition, they are unable to resist disease, and are often buried in the midst of the festivities which they had hoped to enjoy.

The drunkenness, also, which is prevalent

enough at any time, is especially manifest at this season. In joy or in sorrow, the Russian, like many another votary of Bacchus, turns to the goblet for sympathy and inspiration. The result is, that during the Easter festival, one can see many people saluting each other with the customary forms of "*Christos voskress*" who would not be able, at that particular time at least, to follow a very close argument on the resurrection. Drunk as they may be, however, they will fight for their religion. These Easter ceremonies, which are so extensively observed in Russia and in all countries where the Greek faith predominates, do not impress the hearts of the people so as to produce such a moral change as they would if the people had a more intelligent conception of their significance. The Russian people are good and generous at heart, and hospitable sometimes to a fault, as well as devoted to their religion; yet there is very little spirituality in their worship.

There is one striking circumstance in connection with the services on Easter eve, so devoutly attended by everybody that can possibly do so, that should be mentioned. On that night more burglaries are committed than during any other ten nights in the year. While all the family, including domestics, are away, certain thriving Russians take this opportunity to reap an abundant harvest. Thus, though the people are superstitious, their religion does not incline them to lives of morality.

One reason for the prevailing intoxication witnessed during Easter week is to be found in the custom of drinking at every call, and calling is extensively practiced at that time. Russians do not believe that coffee is the proper thing to offer a visitor. For instance, Ivan Ivanovitch calls on some friends, and as he enters the parlor greets the host or hostess with the inevitable "*Christos voskress!*" and receives the appropriate response, "*Vo isteno voskress!*" whereupon he presents his hostess with an egg and receives one in return. In a few moments a servant enters, bearing a tray on which are a sandwich, and a bottle containing something which is taken to prevent dyspepsia. He responds, "*Na vashé zdarovia!*"—"To your health!" After which Ivan Ivanovitch departs and goes through exactly the same forms at the next house where he calls, exchanging the egg he last received at each place. In case he does not always care to eat, he will not be so rude as to refuse to drink the health of his hostess, and to the long continued observance of *Paskhah*, or Easter.

These salutations are not confined simply to the meeting of friends in their homes and places of business, but may frequently be observed on the streets. Persons coming from opposite directions often stop, pass the usual salutations, kiss three times, and separate. Thus it has been for centuries; for whatever else has changed, *Paskhah* remains the same.

CURIOS FACTS ABOUT CHINA.

THERE is no such thing as popular education in China. Public schools do not exist there at all. Those who have an education obtain it at home, where they study under the direction of parents or tutors. Consequently, the Chinese masses are grossly ignorant. Not one man in a hundred, or one woman in a thousand, can read or write. They are industrious, however, and although Confucius taught that each person should pursue the occupation of his ancestor, this rule is not always regarded.

Those who seek an education, which consists largely of a knowledge of the writings

of Confucius, are chiefly actuated by a desire to fit themselves for government service. It gives them an advantage over their illiterate fellows in two ways: First, they enjoy the highest social distinction within their reach; secondly, their official position enables them to extort money from the people. A correspondent in Peking wrote recently that the official class in China was one of the most corrupt in the world. In consequence of their peculations, only a part of the taxes collected from the people find their way into the imperial treasury.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

By FRANK P. SMITH.

WHILE Mr. Gladstone was a young student at Eton, he had a large share in the founding of a publication called the Eton Miscellany. One of the paragraphs that he contributed to its columns has, in the light of his subsequent career, an unusual interest. "In my present undertaking," he writes, "there is one gulf in which I fear to sink, and that gulf is Lethe. There is one stream which I dread my inability to stem; it is the tide of popular opinion. I have ventured, and no doubt rashly ventured,

'Like little, wanton boys that swim on bladders,
To try my fortune in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth.'

At present it is hope alone that buoys me up; for more substantial support, I must be indebted to my own exertions, well knowing that in this land of literature, merit never wants its reward. That such merit is mine, I dare not presume to think; but still there is something within me that bids me to hope that I may be able to glide prosperously down the stream of public estimation."

Could the lad of seventeen have gazed into the future, fear and ambition would never have led him to write these timid but hopeful words. The fame that he has since achieved would have dispelled all fear of forgetfulness. The lofty position that he has since attained would have deprived him of the dread of public opinion. The energy that impelled him, the "something within" him that "bade" him hope, has overcome his fears and gratified his ambition. He has, in fact, realized a thousand fold more than he saw in his youthful dreams. Although he has not become a Milton or a Swift, he has accomplished a work in English politics that will place his name high on the list of the greatest English statesmen.

From the son of a Liverpool merchant, who emigrated from Scotland and accumulated a fortune in the West India trade, Mr. Gladstone has risen to be chief counselor of the Queen of Great Britain. He was

born on the 29th of December, 1809, and through his mother, he is said to be a descendant of Edward the Third of England and Robert Bruce of Scotland. At the age of twelve, he entered Eton and remained six years. Then, after two years' study with Dr. Turner, who was subsequently made Bishop of Calcutta, he became a student at Christ Church college, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by the variety, extent, and accuracy of his acquirements. After graduating with the highest honors in 1831, he traveled a few months in Italy. On returning to England, he entered Parliament for Newark, a borough that was then under the control of the Tory Duke of Newcastle, and with the exception of the interval between December, 1845, and November, 1847, he has continued up to the present moment, to be a member of the most important legislative assembly in the world.

Launched at last upon a public career, he soon justified the anticipations of his friends. His splendid endowments, intellectual and physical, attracted the attention of Sir Robert Peel, who, on becoming premier in 1834 after the resignation of Lord Melbourne, made him junior lord of the treasury, and later, under-secretary for the colonies. But his official experience was short, lasting only a year, and his opportunities for distinguishing himself were slight. It was not until he became vice-president of the board of trade in Sir Robert's cabinet in August, 1841, that he gave evidence of the genius for financial problems that makes him pre-eminent among the English statesmen of the present century. The tariff bill of 1842 was chiefly his work. During the great debate on the measure, he exhibited a marvelously minute and comprehensive knowledge of English trade and industry. To him fell the task of defending the bill against the bitter attacks of the high Protectionists, and it is recorded that he rose to his feet no less than 129 times to make speeches, short and long.

The full extent of Mr. Gladstone's genius for finance was not, however, displayed in

all its splendor until he became chancellor of the exchequer in Lord Aberdeen's cabinet in December, 1852. He had not been able to take part in the historic debate on the repeal of the corn laws in 1846, and to make use of the vast stores of knowledge relative to trade, industry, and finance, that laborious but enthusiastic study and observation had given him. Having become, with Sir Robert Peel, a confirmed believer in the truth of the doctrine of free trade, he was compelled to break with the Duke of Newcastle, who was an ardent Protectionist, and, in consequence, he resigned his position as representative for Newark. Although he was out of Parliament while the corn law struggle was in progress, he was able to render much assistance to Sir Robert Peel. He placed at the disposal of the cabinet his knowledge and experience.

At the general election in the summer of 1847, Mr. Gladstone was returned to Parliament for Oxford. But his party was out of power (Sir Robert Peel having been overthrown shortly after the abolition of the corn laws) and it was not until 1853 that the opportunity came to him to distinguish himself for all time. He had been invited to join Lord Derby's cabinet, which succeeded Lord John Russell's ministry in February, 1852, but he declined the invitation. Toward the close of 1852, Mr. Disraeli, who was chancellor of the exchequer in the Derby cabinet, and who had but little taste and no capacity for finances, introduced his first budget. It was successfully attacked by Mr. Gladstone and eventually withdrawn. Soon afterwards the cabinet resigned. Lord Aberdeen became premier in December, and to Mr. Gladstone he assigned the important and well earned position of chancellor of the exchequer.

On the 18th of April, 1853, Mr. Gladstone introduced his first great budget. It was accompanied by a speech of five hours in length. Mr. Gladstone was so eloquent, he made figures so fascinating, he exhibited such a mastery of the intricate problems of finance, he explained them so lucidly and brilliantly, that his auditors sat spell-bound. Mr. Justin McCarthy says that "the performance . . . belonged to the department of fine arts." George Barnett Smith, in his "*Life of Gladstone*," says that the cheering that greeted the orator when he

took his seat, "extended even to the fair occupants of the ladies' gallery."

Many times since that memorable occasion Mr. Gladstone has repeated the dazzling exhibition of his wonderful powers. He remained chancellor of the exchequer until February, 1855, when he resigned on account of what he thought to be an unwise and improper inquiry into the conduct of the Crimean war. On the return of Lord Palmerston to power in May, 1859, he made Mr. Gladstone chancellor of the exchequer. From this time until 1866, Mr. Gladstone, to quote the words of an enthusiastic but truthful admirer, "produced a series of budgets that eclipsed all the efforts of previous English financiers. Tax after tax was remitted, the customs duties were greatly simplified, the price of many necessities of life was sensibly reduced. During that time of prosperity and peace, when comparatively few great party struggles took place, the great oratorical sensation of the year was usually his financial statement; for he had the rare art of making figures pictorial."

As a sympathizer with the progressive tendencies of the age, Mr. Gladstone has distinguished himself scarcely less than as an able and eloquent financier. Curiously enough, however, he began his political career as a blind and bigoted Tory. The first address that he issued to the electors of Newark is an amazing curiosity. The reform bill of 1832 had just been passed, but the spirit that animated its authors finds no favor with Mr. Gladstone. "I have not," he says, "hesitated to avow that we must watch and resist that uninquiring and indiscriminate desire for change among us which threatens to produce, along with partial good, a melancholy preponderance of mischief." He thinks that "special attention" should be paid "to the interests of the poor, founded upon the rule that those who are the least able to take care of themselves should be most regarded by others." In other words, he thinks that the government is a paternal institution, designed to care for the unfortunate. He confesses his belief in the union of church and state, and declares "that the duties of governors are strictly and peculiarly religious." In those days the slavery question was agitating the people of England. On this important subject, Mr. Gladstone thus delivers himself: "As regards

the abstract lawfulness of slavery, I acknowledge it simply as importing the right of one man to the labor of another; and I rest it upon the fact that Scripture, the paramount authority upon such a point, gives directions to persons standing in the relation of master and slave, for their conduct in that relation; whereas, were the matter absolutely and necessarily *sinful*, it would not regulate the manner. Assuming sin as the cause of degradation, it strives, and strives most effectually, to cure the latter by extirpating the former. We are agreed that both the physical and the moral bondage of the slave are to be abolished. The question is as to the *order*, and the *order only*; now, Scripture attacks the moral evil *before* the temporal one, and the temporal *through* the moral one, and I am content with the order which Scripture has established."

It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Gladstone was the son of a slave owner. Such logic could only come from a man whose intellect had been subjected to the deadly influences of slavery. The influences that surrounded Mr. Gladstone in early life explain also the other features of his electoral address. His father was a rabid Tory. Old Sir John Gladstone had no faith in the people. He believed in the union of the church and state, and the guests that visited his house were men that believed as he did. It was the purest Tory atmosphere that Mr. Gladstone breathed for many years. It is no wonder that, like certain creatures, he took on the color of his surroundings. But fifty-four years have changed these surroundings. He had begun to breathe a new atmosphere, when, in 1842, he defended Sir Robert Peel's tariff bill. Four years later, he had become a complete Free Trader, denouncing as unsound, unjust, and wicked the doctrine that it is the duty of the state to maintain a tariff to protect labor and industry.

The repudiation of this cardinal principle of Toryism led to the destruction of another cherished dogma of the Tory faith. In a work on "The State in its Relations with the Church," published in 1838, Mr. Gladstone elaborated the religio-political faith that he had merely touched upon in his address to the electors of Newark. He defended with eloquence the union of church and state in general, and the Irish church establishment in particular. "It is," he wrote in regard

to the latter, "undoubtedly competent in a constitutional view, to the government of this country [England] to continue the present disposition of the church property in Ireland. It appears not too much to assume that our imperial legislature has been qualified to take, and has taken in point of fact, a sounder view of religious truth than the majority of the people of Ireland in their uninstructed state. We believe, accordingly, that that which we place before them is, whether they know it or not, calculated to be beneficial to them; and that if they know it not now, they will know it when it is presented to them fairly. Shall we, then, purchase their applause at the expense of their substantial, nay, their spiritual, interests?" When Sir Robert Peel introduced a bill in April, 1845, to increase the meager and inadequate endowment of Maynooth college, a Catholic institution in Ireland, Mr. Gladstone resigned from the cabinet. The measure, he said, was in conflict with his views of the relation of church and state. But shortly afterwards, these views underwent a change, and when Sir Robert Inglis denounced the measure, saying that "a more gigantic scheme of Godless education had never been proposed in any country," Mr. Gladstone defended it. Subsequently he supported warmly the bill (which he had denounced in 1841) to remove certain disabilities of the Jews. The arguments that he then used led logically to his advocacy of the admission of atheists like Mr. Bradlaugh into Parliament. But the most effective and final blow that he gave to his theory of church and state was the disestablishment of the Irish church in 1869. This act, which so horrified good church people, has been followed up more recently by a declaration in his political manifesto last autumn in favor of the disestablishment of the Scotch and English churches.

At last Mr. Gladstone overcame his antipathy to change, and acquired confidence in the people. In 1866, he had ceased entirely to be a Tory and had become the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. The new political creed, the creed of modern democracy, that he had adopted in place of his belief in aristocracy and human slavery, was well set forth in an address delivered at the opening of the Palmerston club, Oxford, in December, 1868. "I think,"*

he said, "that the principle of the Conservative party is jealousy of liberty and of the people, only qualified by fear; but I think the policy of the Liberal party is trust in the people, only qualified by prudence. I can only assure you, gentlemen, that now I am in front of extended popular privileges, I have no fear of those enlargements of the constitution that seem to be approaching. On the contrary, I hail them with desire. I am not in the least degree conscious that I have lost reverence for antiquity, for the beautiful and good, and glorious charges that our ancestors have handed down to us as a patrimony to our race, than I had in other days when I held other political opinions. I have learnt to set the true value upon human liberty, and in whatever I have changed, there and there only has been the explanation of the change." How different are these noble utterances from the bigoted declarations of the young candidate for the borough of Newark.

During the past twenty years Mr. Gladstone has often shown his confidence in popular liberty, and his desire to bring about the changes that promote the welfare and happiness of the people. As soon as he became the Liberal leader, he introduced in the House of Commons an important reform bill. Although it was defeated and the cabinet of Earl Russel (to which he belonged) was compelled to resign, the ministry of Lord Derby, which came into power in July, 1866, was forced by the pressure of public opinion to pass a more radical reform measure than Mr. Gladstone had himself proposed. In December, 1868, Mr. Gladstone became premier, and for the next five years he made destructive inroads upon old and cherished abuses. As has already been stated, he disestablished the Irish church; he abolished purchase in the army and imprisonment for debt; he passed the university tests bill, which admitted lay students of whatever faith to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge on an equal footing; he repealed the ecclesiastical tithes act, made elementary education compulsory, and with his trades unions act, he removed shameful wrongs to the working men. He attempted a solution of the Irish land question, and enacted so many other reforms that the people of Great Britain became frightened at these changes. A halt

in the progress of reform was called, and in February, 1874, the great ministry of Mr. Gladstone resigned. But six years of Conservative rule under the direction of Mr. Disraeli, who became Lord Beaconsfield in 1876, cured the public of its fear of Liberalism. Mr. Gladstone became premier again in April, 1880, and with the exception of the few months from June 8, 1885, to January 29, 1886, when Lord Salisbury was in power, he has remained premier ever since. During this period he has pursued his policy of reform with as restless energy as ever, but it is so recent and his measures are so well known that it is not necessary to do more here than merely to allude to them. Still it may be added that in obedience to the democratic tendencies of the age, he is at the present moment engaged in the preparation of reforms more important and far-reaching than any that he has yet attempted.

While Mr. Gladstone is famous as a financier, and energetic as a reformer, he is not a great diplomat. While his foreign policy has often been inspired by the noblest motives, it has once at least exhibited vacillation and criminal folly. As long as he sought peace and recognized the rights of smaller nations, his course met the approval of all humane people. When, in the face of powerful public opinion, he refused to revenge the death of General Sir George Colly (who was killed in February, 1881, by the Boers, at Majuba Hill, in South Africa), and recognized the independence of Transvaal (which had been annexed to Cape Colony by Lord Beaconsfield in defiance of justice), he displayed a moral heroism worthy of all admiration. When he refused to be bound by Lord Beaconsfield's dazzling fiction, called the principle of "a scientific frontier," and restored to Afghanistan the liberties wrested from her by that ambitious statesman, he acted in obedience to the dictates of reason and right. But when he failed to withdraw from Egypt as he had withdrawn from Transvaal and Afghanistan; when he ordered the cruel bombardment of Alexandria, that occurred on the 11th of July, 1882, and suppressed the national movement led by Arabi Pasha to establish Egyptian independence, he committed an offense that cannot be easily forgiven; he brought upon him and his country

that series of shocking disasters that culminated, in 1885, in the death of General Gordon and the fall of Khartoum. His Egyptian policy was born of timidity and vacillation. Had he been either a Jingoist, like Lord Beaconsfield, or a peace-at-any-price man, like John Bright, history would never have had occasion to point to this black spot on his long and brilliant career.

Mr. Gladstone's distinction as an orator is only second to his fame as a financier. No man in England has such a command of language, such a vast store of history, political economy, and literature to draw upon at a moment's notice, as he. Some of his most famous speeches have been delivered without a note, without previous preparation. His powerful and effective arraignment of Mr. Disraeli's budget in the latter part of 1852, was an extemporaneous effort, made after 2 o'clock in the morning. But this very readiness is his chief fault. He overwhelms his subject with the wealth of his diction and the number and complexity of his ideas. His speeches are often edged with irony and sarcasm, but he is destitute of the wit and humor which, added to great simplicity, make John Bright his superior as a popular orator. Besides these qualifications, he possesses a fine and musical voice under perfect control, and a presence that is strikingly handsome and impressive.

Of Mr. Gladstone's other achievements and characteristics, only the briefest mention can be made. He has written eloquently and sometimes exhaustively on many topics. His versatility has occasionally led him to discuss questions with an air of authority that could only be assumed by a specialist. When his essay on the order of creation in Genesis appeared recently, it gave Professor Huxley an opportunity to make a pitiless exposure of his lack of accurate biological knowledge. It is said that if his writings on Homer and the Greek mythology were to fall into the hands of an expert, they, too, would fare no better. However this may be, his discussions of political and economic topics are always masterly and authoritative. They are a permanent and valuable

contribution to English history and political economy.

Mr. Gladstone unites in himself the shrewdness of a politician with the severe morality of a Christian. It used to be denied that he was a politician; for it was his impolitic course during his first ministry that destroyed his party and drove him out of power. He lacked the tact and graciousness that made Lord Beaconsfield a great party leader. But during his recent ministry, he gave ample evidence, especially in the management of the political parts of his Egyptian and Irish policy, of capacity to manage men. Liberal minded in religious matters, as we have seen him to be in his attitude toward state and church, and toward the Jew and infidel, he is a devout and an enthusiastic member of the English church. Possessed of a deeply religious nature, and loyal to the faith and ethics of the Christian religion, he seeks to make his conduct conform to the highest standard of right. He seeks always to be just, always to be humane. He sympathizes deeply with the poor and oppressed. In 1851, Europe rang with his thrilling denunciations of the imprisonment of 20,000 Neapolitan patriots. The Bulgarian atrocities of 1876 fired him to utterance that profoundly stirred the British people. He has pleaded eloquently for the Irish nation, and labored like a Titan to ameliorate their condition, but his desire to be moderate and prudent, and to be in harmony with average English opinion, has prevented him heretofore from dealing with Irish questions effectively. But in spite of his attempt to be prudent and moderate, he is often impulsive, rash, and unreasonable, and he degenerates into a bitter partisan. His resignation of the Liberal leadership in 1875 was without adequate cause. His hatred of Austria once led him to insult her, and his vexation at Mr. Parnell's persistent agitation led him to denounce the patriot in unmeasured terms and then to throw him into prison. But in spite of his faults, his virtues are great, his talents are remarkable, his career is brilliant, and to-day, he is loved and respected more than any other living Englishman.



THE DECREES OF FASHION.

By MRS. HELEN HOOKER.

ALTHOUGH snow is on the ground and blizzards are in the air, merchants are showing their earliest importations of dress goods, millinery, and trimmings for spring and summer wear. And the heart of the shopper who has an abundance is made glad, and the woman of limited means becomes anxious at the sight of the lovely things that may be donned with

"The flowers that bloom in the spring."

Fortunately, however, pretty, stylish goods may be found to meet the taste and means of both.

Prominent among spring goods are the Astrakhan, or boucle cloths, and the bourettes, both so popular in the winter; also the home-spuns, canvas, or etamine cloth, fine French cashmeres, cheviots, camel's hair, and serges. These goods come in all the spring shades, but, of course, in very much lighter weight than the winter goods. Many of them are marvels of lightness, being woven so loosely that, though they have a heavy, warm appearance, they will in reality make ideal woolen dresses for summer. There seem to be no new colors, but a return to all the old spring shades, écrù, beige, bronze, gray, biscuit color, and moss green in the light shades, and bronze, tobacco, seal, dark green, and blue; also scarlet, cardinal, and terra cotta.

Red dresses remain popular for misses and young ladies; and it is believed they will grow in favor as the season advances, as will also the scarlet English hunting coat, and red hat or turban. The red dresses are frequently made with black or trimmed with plain or jetted silk passementerie, or silk galloon. For the red coats, billiard cloth, Jersey,

and a light weight of beaver will be used. Frisé wools reappear, though in small quantities. Stripes in all goods from the sateens to the richest plush and velvet are the latest and favorite fashion. The stripes are used both lengthwise and across the skirts of dresses, according as the wearer wishes to increase or lessen her height. They are used in fronts, plaited or plain, in side panels, and as vests, collars, and cuffs, or in any other pretty, tasteful fashion that may occur to the dressmaker. Sheer plush striped canvas cloth, in wide alternate stripes of canvas and plush, comes in lengths of two yards and a quarter, to combine with cashmere or canvas cloth. An old dress of écrù or brown cashmere may be made prettier than when new by the addition of one of these stylish fronts. A front of striped maroon and écrù, or green and écrù, gives tone to the dress. Plain velvet will also be worn in *revers*, dog collars, cuffs, and belt, with light woolen dresses, as in this way nearly any light shade may be worn, if care is taken to place a becoming shade of velvet next the face.

Many lovely goods are shown for tailor dresses, in bordered and striped wools. They are double width, reasonable in price, and will make excellent and pretty street dresses for the entire summer. For warmer summer days there are canvas cloths, with open-work lace stripes. A contrasting color is to be placed under these stripes to brighten the dress. These goods, it is believed, will, in a measure, take the place of veilings and grenadienes.

Buttons for trimming waists and skirts are very elegant. They are of metal with carved wood and pearl figures, or of wood

with warriors, flowers, and animals raised in metal. Those for the waists of dresses are usually about half an inch in diameter; for the skirts, they come in sets of nine different sizes, the largest being about two inches in diameter. Every season it is predicted that jet trimmings and laces will not be worn the next, yet the prophecy has not come true. Beautiful and expensive jet balloons and passementeries are shown; also bronze, steel, garnet, and oxidized silver beads combined with jet. Laces are prettier and more elaborate than ever. They are seen not only worked heavily in silk on net, but also on gauze and crape. They come not only in piece-lace, but in trimming widths to match.

Most of the bonnets, hats, and turbans come back to us in winter shapes, in the fine straws and fancy braids, to be worn in the spring. The bonnets are small and high, with narrow, close, or slightly flaring brims. The hats have high, sloping crowns, and the turbans come in both high and low crowns. Turbans will probably be much worn in the early spring, as they are sensible and easily made; and, out of a dozen styles, one should surely be able to find one that is becoming. A turban made of cloth to match the tailor

dress, having a rim of velvet or straw, may be easily made at home. Such a hat is very convenient to wear when it seems too early to decide on a more expensive *chapeau*. Most of the trimmings for summer head gear are light and airy. Here Astrakhan again appears as Astrakhan gauze; also silk bourette with raised cords in stripes or bars.

Silk muslins and English crapes are also displayed in every color. These fabrics will probably be used to trim fine braids. More durable than these pretty but perishable goods are silk crapes, which are also to be used. It is said by merchants that yellow will again be the fashionable color for brightening hats and bonnets; but people have already grown so tired of it that many of the prettiest hats and bonnets show artistic touches of pink, blue, and Nile green in its place. Beautiful flowers are displayed by the most fashionable milliners, but whether they or the perk ribbon and velvet bows of the winter will most engage favor, it is too early to say. Milliners will make an effort to use flowers again, massing those with long stems, daffodils, hyacinths, violets, lilacs, and other spring flowers, in pompons, to trim the tall hats.

THE ART OF SWEEPING.

By MRS. M. E. HUNGERFORD.

WHY do we all dread sweeping day? After the sweeping is an accomplished fact, why do we find "the velvet bloom of time," as Oscar Wilde picturesquely calls dust, still unbanished?

Many excellent housekeepers are strangely ignorant of the best method of sweeping, or, if they do know, they neglect to impart the knowledge to their servants. So sweeping day remains an established terror, and the dust is routed from the floor to whirl madly through the room and then to settle quietly down upon the carpet again. Unless the work is done by an extra helper, hired once a week for the purpose, it would be better to abolish the ancient custom of having a general sweeping day, but instead sweep only one room in a day, and so accomplish the work gradually through the week.

The best sweeper her neighbors ever saw

was a quiet, delicate-looking little woman, who, by reason of a very inadequate domestic force, always swept her parlor and sitting room herself. Her first move was to dust the lighter pieces of furniture with a feather duster and set them in the hall. Next, she covered the larger, less easily handled pieces with coarse calico spreads kept for the purpose, and sent the mats and rugs out-of-doors to be shaken. The curtains were pinned up, the windows opened, if the weather permitted, and all the *bric-a-brac* covered, or carried out of the room in a basket.

Having made all these preparations, the sweeper, with a calico wrapper worn ulster fashion over her dress, and a close cap covering her hair, began to sweep with long, gentle strokes, making so little rise of dust that it was no discomfort to be in the room during the operation. Instead of throwing

the dust forward and upward with every stroke, she drew the broom slowly and evenly along, ending the stroke on the carpet instead of in the air, as is the usual fashion with wielders of the broom. The dust was brought into the center of the room from all sides and corners, and then taken up on a dust-pan with a whisk broom. A clean, dampened mop was then brought into use and drawn all over the floor to take up all the light dust and fluff, and freshen the general appearance of the carpet, which always repaid the worker by a bright, clean face and a new look quite at variance with its actual age.

Then after thirty or forty minutes allowed for the dust to settle, the sweeper began the

work of dusting, using for a duster a large square of cheese cloth with which she rubbed first the window frames, cornices, and panels, and then the furniture, wiping off the pieces that had been carried out and the ornamental articles before they were brought in and restored to their places.

Sweeping and dusting may seem to wise and experienced housekeepers trivial things to write about, but the comfort of life depends largely upon the way details are attended to. There is a right and wrong way of doing everything, and if a thing is worth doing at all, then it is worth doing well; and even disagreeable work becomes more endurable if one can feel that she is accomplishing it in the very best manner.

CLEAR STARCHING AND IRONING.

By MRS. ARLINE MARLOWE.

CLEAR starching and ironing seem simple enough. Many women think them equally simple to do; but such is not the case, and either to starch or iron properly requires much practice and care. We all know how beautifully a French laundress gets up linen; therefore, a few details in regard to the French method will be useful to many young housekeepers.

The things needed are boiling water, good white starch (Duryea's satin gloss), a teacup, spoon, and a piece of pure white castile soap. To make good starch, put a handful of it into a thoroughly clean basin. Dissolve a tea-spoonful of borax in a cup of boiling water. Take some cold water and pour a very little over the dry starch, and mix it with the hand or a large spoon until perfectly smooth. Add a little more cold water and then a cup of warm water. This should bring the starch to the consistency of good milk. Take the castile soap and rub it between the hands in the starch until it becomes frothy; and, lastly, add a little of the best liquid bluing to give a very slight color to it.

The articles to be starched should be thoroughly washed and rinsed in clean, cold water. Stir the starch to prevent any sediment, and rub well the articles, collars

for example, in the starch as if washing, which will remove every particle of dirt that has not been removed in the first washing, and this is why the soap is used. After this, wring the collars as dry as possible, and rub them as if washing. Spread them out on a clean cloth, roll them up, and wring again, to take out all extra dampness. Then beat them well on the table, when they are ready for ironing.

The next important thing to know is how to clean well the iron; for no one can iron satisfactorily with a dirty one, which is sure to stick to the collar, and so cause it to be soiled. Let the iron be thoroughly hot; then in a box of finely powdered brick dust, rub it until smooth and clean; then rub on a clean cloth, and to make the hot iron slip easily over the damp clothes, rub it very quickly over a clean cloth on which there is a piece of white wax, and immediately after on a clean duster. This wax process needs to be done quickly; otherwise it will cake and cause the iron to be useless.

Having thus prepared the iron, unroll the collars, take one out, and with a clean piece of cambric or linen smooth out the collar on the board. Pass the iron very quickly twice over the right and twice over the wrong side, back again to the right side, and so on, to

dry the collar equally, each time pressing more heavily, which continue until steam ceases to rise. Lastly, rub the iron heavily on the right side of the collar to put on the finishing gloss. Bend the collar in half, hang on a line or horse near the fire to dry quickly. It should now be beautifully glossy and stiff.

Amateurs will find it better to put a dry piece of soft cambric over the collar at first, until it is a little dry, but practice will soon enable them to dispense with this help. They must not feel discouraged if they do not succeed well at first; for nothing demands so much patience and practice to gain success as starching and ironing.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL WOMAN.

MANY amusing anecdotes are related of Madame Mohl. Before she married James Mohl, the distinguished German orientalist, her name was Mary Clarke, and she had already established in Paris the salon that made her famous. Those who dined with her used to take "forty winks" after dinner. "To facilitate this," says Kathleen O'Mera in her delightful book on the madame, "the lamp was taken into an adjoining room, the gentlemen made themselves comfortable in arm-chairs, Mary slipped off her shoes and curled herself up on the sofa, and by and by they all woke up refreshed, and ready to talk till midnight. Usually, other visitors did not arrive till the forty winks were over; but one evening it chanced that some one came earlier than usual, and was ushered into the drawing-room while the party was fast asleep. The tableau may be imagined. The gentlemen started up and rubbed their eyes; Mrs. Clarke brought the lamp; Mary fumbled for her shoes, but could not find them, and, afraid of catching cold by walking on the oak floor, hopped from chair to chair looking for them."

On another occasion, when Madame Mohl had become an old lady, the Queen of Holland dined with her. "Soon after this famous *déjuner*," says Miss O'Mera, "Her Majesty went one morning to pay the customary 'visit of digestion' at the Rue du Bac. Madame Mohl was in her ordinary morning costume, a costume once seen never to be forgotten, busy dusting the drawing-room, after having counted out the linen that had just come home and was spread out on the dining-room table, visible through the open folding doors. Suddenly, the

queen and her suite were shown in. The old lady quietly laid down her feather duster, and, beautifully unconscious of herself and her toilet, went forward to greet Her Majesty. The company sat down, and Madame Mohl chatted away as pleasantly as usual. A friend to whom she related the adventure, half an hour after it had occurred, remarked that she must have been terribly embarrassed at being caught in such a plight. 'Not a bit, my dear,' said Madame Mohl. 'I didn't mind it in the least; no more did the queen. Her lady did, I dare say, and that fine gentleman who walks after her with the keys looked dreadfully disgusted; but I could see the queen was laughing at it all in her sleeve.'"

An interview that she once had with Queen Victoria, when there was fear that the Danish question would lead to war between England and Germany, is also characteristic. Having just read in the London Times that the danger was at an end, she arose the moment the queen was announced and exclaimed triumphantly, "Well, your Majesty, we are to have no war." "No, thank God! we are to have no war," was the queen's hearty rejoinder. "And, holding out both hands," says Miss O'Mera, "she sat down beside Madame Mohl, and entered into conversation. Lady Augusta, meantime, who was dressing, hurried with her toilet, rather anxious as to how Madame Mohl would behave to the sovereign. She found them both chatting away in the most friendly manner, the old lady giving her opinion on the politics of Europe as freely as if her companion had been a mere fellow-creature."

POWER OF LOVE.

SATANELLA.

Andante cantabile.

Sostenuto assai.

M. W. BALFE.



p dolce assai.

There's a pow'r whose sway . . .



An - gel souls a - dore, And the lost o - bey, Weeping ev-er -



- more; Doubt-ful mor - tals prize Smiles from it a - bove,



POWER OF LOVE.

cres.

Bliss that nev - er dies, . . . Such thy pow'r, O love !.... Source of joy and

cres.

woe, Foil - er of stern hate, . . . Lord of high and low, Woman,

ritenuto. a tempo. cres.

woman calls thee fate; Fierceness owns thy spell, . . Vulture thou, and

ritenuto. a tempo. cres.

Dove, . . . Language can - not tell . . . Half thy pow'r, O love!..

poco accel. cres.

poco accel. cres.

POWER OF LOVE.



THE STORY THAT THE SEA GULL TOLD.

By CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

THE sea gull is entirely responsible. He said he wished the whole truth to be told concerning little Cathleen O'Meara, who was drowned at Block island, or so it was supposed. He said he wished the facts of the case to be known, so that if there was anyone in the world who had loved Cathleen, such a one might know that she was safe and well, incomparably safer and better than ever she had been before.

The sea gull told me the story one way. Cathleen's aunt, Mrs. de Crabbins, told it to me in quite another. Mrs. de Crabbins' version is the one generally received. So, perhaps, I had better tell that first. Besides, Mrs. de Crabbins is a great personage—in a small world, it is true, but then she thinks it an enormous one; so it is all the same to her as if she were the biggest minnow in a small brook. Could you get at the biggest minnow's ideas, doubtless he feels larger than the hugest whale of ocean. So, you see, it would never do to put Mrs. de Crabbins after a mere *skreeking*, flittering, chittering sea gull.

This, then, is the Mrs. de Crabbins story: Cathleen was the child of Mrs. de Crabbins' sister, and this sister had married a poor clergyman, which was naturally a great grief to Mrs. de Crabbins, who had married a million of money. This clergyman and his wife died when Cathleen was only eight years old. There was no one to take care of Cathleen but Mrs. de Crabbins; so the little girl was sent to her aunt's and, I fear, had rather a hard time there.

Mrs. de Crabbins had two children, Maud and Claud. They were very remarkable specimens of the human race. They were absolutely perfect, and the whole world except their mother, was leagued against

them. The servants, their playmates, the nurses, their teachers wherever they went to school, seemed, according to Mrs. de Crabbins, to have but one object in life, and that was to persecute and misrepresent Maud and Claud. Nay, even their own father, Mr. Decimus de Crabbins, had been known to side with a cruel world in this heartless abuse of outraged innocence. He had been heard to hint that the children were somewhat less than angels, and might be the better for a little discipline; but Mr. de Crabbins out of his office was nobody.

Cathleen, owing to those low traits which she took from her father's family, "absolute nobodies," did not get on with these perfect children better than did the rest of the world. She objected to having her hair pulled, her face scratched, and other innocent freaks of the like nature. She disliked being called names, and all this, as Mrs. de Crabbins said, "showed her hereditary tendencies."

Cathleen's best friend was her Uncle Decimus, who was annexed to the million her aunt had married. He was a quiet man and Cathleen was a quiet child. Mr. de Crabbins, when he retired to his private room to read the paper, would often take Cathleen with him and let her sit on his knee, and they were fond of each other; but Mr. de Crabbins died suddenly one day, and Cathleen was left alone, very much alone, I should judge.

The summer after her husband's death, Mrs. de Crabbins went to Block Island and took the children and a whole apparatus of nurses and servants. All the servants were new ones. Mrs. de Crabbins was obliged to change servants very often, owing to that conspiracy aforesaid, which the human race

had formed against Maud and Claud. One day Cathleen, who, her aunt said, was always "a strange, sullen, unsocial child," wandered too far along the cliffs, even so far as that deep break called the Gorge.

She had always had a passionate love for the sea, and would go into the water whenever she could, swimming and paddling about like a little South Sea Islander. They supposed that she had gone into the water there all alone, and had been swept away and drowned. At any rate, they found her clothes on the shore, and her little body lying among the rough stones, the long hair all tangled with sea weed and sand.

They buried Cathleen in the graveyard that lies in the hollow of the hills. You cannot see the water from thence; but the wind and the sea are always singing a psalm together over the graves. After all was over, Mrs. de Crabbins said, she really must confess it was something of a relief. Cathleen's disposition was not amiable, and she had never felt that she was a good companion for dear Maudie.

It was the summer after Cathleen's death that Mrs. de Crabbins told me the story. For some reason, I had no sooner heard it than I felt that I wanted to get somewhere out of sight and hearing of Mrs. de Crabbins, and I went for a walk along the cliffs and followed the path until I nearly reached the south light house. I went down to the shore and found a seat in a notch above high water mark, where a little grass was growing. It was a gray day, with silver flitting gleams of sunshine over sky and sea. I sat for some time, thinking of Cathleen, the poor little waif.

The sea had taken the child's life and then thrown away the shell that once enclosed it. Was it hard that the girl's life had so soon ended, or was it harder still that while it lasted her share of sunshine had been so small?

As I sat thinking still of Cathleen, a small sea gull came sweeping in from the sea. Silver gleamed his wings in the flash of the pale sunshine. He circled round my head. He came so near that I could see his pretty feet curled close in the soft, abundant plumage that clothed the lovely curve of his breast.

"Hark! Hark to me!" cried the sea gull. "Let's talk—talk!" and with that he settled

on the bit of grass and paraded up and down, making a prodigious flapping with his wings, and uttering now and again an angry and contemptuous, "Skee—ee—eek!" as if his feelings were really too much for him.

"I hope nothing has happened to annoy you," I said; for I felt sorry to see him in such a taking.

"I saw you talking to that woman on the piazza," cried the sea gull; "and the swallow told me what she said. Oh! It's a shame!"

"What's a shame?" said I. "Tell me all about it"; for I felt I should like to soothe the sea gull if I could.

"Her talk! Her talk!" screamed the bird; and he was so excited that he was obliged to rise and take quite a fly out to sea before he could settle down and tell the story.

Now, if I had room I should like to give the facts just as the sea gull gave them. As it is, I shall have to omit many interesting details.

The day that Cathleen wandered out alone, her heart was heavy and sore. It is hard to be homesick when you have a home, but it is a great deal harder when you have none anywhere. It was not only that her father and mother were dead, but that, so far as she was concerned, her old world, where she had been happy, was dead and gone too. She grieved, also, for her uncle, who had been good to her. He had told her that she should stay with him that summer, and that they would have a few weeks' peace and quiet together. Cathleen was too gentle to hate, but she was afraid of her aunt and of Maud and Claud. To tell the truth, no more hateful animal lives than the human animal, the spoiled child of luxury and unwise fondness. Cathleen lived in perpetual terror and pain. Everything that went wrong was always Cathleen's fault. Some of the nurses pitying the lonely child, were good to her; but they went and came in such rapid succession that Cathleen made no permanent friend.

She wandered on, at first in a dull maze of trouble and heart sickness, but she was only ten years old and naturally light-hearted, and the sea sang in her ears, and its life-giving breath blew about her, and she began to revive a little. Her step grew lighter, and by and by she began to sing, to a tune of her own, some verses her mother

had been wont to say to her about a coral grove, where the purple mullet and gold fish play among green and crimson sea weed, in water always peaceful, even when the storm rages above.

She went a long way, and at last sat down to rest in a place such as she had never seen before. The cliffs along which she had wandered rose high above the rock strewn shore; but here, on a sudden, was a break in the line. In the midst of a pasture field was a gradual slope towards the sea, all tossed over with great stones, as if the ocean, in some sudden freak, had broken its usual bounds, rushed in upon the land and receded, leaving these stones to mark where it had been. A little spring trickled along the slope.

Cathleen sat down on the grass and looked at the bit of ocean framed between the walls of the gorge and two sails shining on the sparkling blue.

For the moment she was happy. Cathleen had loved the sea always. From her old home it had always been in sight, and the child had never feared it, even in its wildest moods, and her father had been wont to call her his little sea maid. Cathleen was not lonesome; she was only too thankful to be alone; and by and by she rose and made her way to the shore, down where three large rocks made a sort of chair, and into this resting place she nestled, and looked and listened to her heart's content.

And now happened a thing, so the sea gull said, that does not happen every day; but to explain it, the bird went back a long way and told me a story I had known before. Very likely some of you may have heard how a fisherman on the shore of Ireland, or some say Cornwall, saw three beautiful white seals come out of the sea one moonlight night.

Watching these seals, he saw them, to his great surprise, slip off their skins, and there on the sand were three lovely sea princesses, who danced and played about in the light of the moon. One of these ladies especially was so charming that the fisherman fell in love with her then and there, and creeping along the shore he hid her seal skin cloak under the rocks. When it came time for the sea ladies to go home, this, the youngest of the three, could not find her covering, and after great searching and lamentation, her sisters were obliged to leave her in the gray

dawn, weeping and forlorn, sitting upon the shore. To make a long story short, the fisherman consoled the sea lady, wooed and wedded her, and she made a good, loving wife and mother. The fisherman carefully hid away the white seal skin in the thatch; though, as time went on, he grew less and less afraid she would forsake him and her little ones.

One unlucky day, however, the lady found her old garment; and whether she loved her old home best, whether she was angry with her husband for having deceived her, or whether she was bound by some law of her own being, I do not know; but at all events she kissed her young children farewell, slipped into the sea, and was seen no more by her sorrowing family.

"Yes," said I, "I have heard that story, but I never understood the seal part of it; for I thought all mermaids had tails like fishes."

"Mermaids!" cried the sea gull. "Who said anything about a mermaid?"

"Why, wasn't this woman a mermaid?" I ventured to say, though with some doubt, as the sea gull was so very excitable.

"Mermaid!" screamed the sea gull. "Do you suppose I think that because cats have tails, everything on land must be half cat? Pray, did you ever hear that Gulnare of the sea, who married the King of Khorassan, or any of her family were half fish?"

To be sure, this was a case in point, going to prove that there are more things in the sea than generally come out of it. I said as much, and the sea gull continued:

"After that fisherman's wife went away into the sea, she never could come back to land."

"Why not?" I asked.

"It is not a question I can answer," said the sea gull, looking mysterious (but I don't think he knew the reason himself). "I always thought," he went on, "that she must have been rather a weak-minded thing; for I have heard that in the sea she was always crying and going on about her husband and children, and her sisters twitted her with having made a low marriage, and, on the whole, things were not pleasant.

"You know, of course, that these sea people live a life many times as long as yours, and in the course of a few years, this fisher's wife, who, whenever she could, would linger

about the coast, heard in some way of her husband's death. Her children grew up, and married, and moved away. There were only three of them, and from all I could hear they seem to have taken after their father's side of the house, though people in those parts called them O'Meara, which, they say, means 'sons of the sea.'

"After all this happened, this sea lady, now a widow, but fair and young as ever, married an American sea gentleman of her own kind and of a distinguished family. He brought her to this part of the world and I have no doubt made her much happier than she ever could have been in her first marriage, which, to be sure, was a most absurd match.

"Now, you must know," said the sea gull, "that all these people, such as fairies and the like, can always tell anyone who is a drop's blood relation to them, to the farthest generation; and, sooner or later, as a rule, they find such a person out and come to see him.

"Now, on that day on which this little Cathleen O'Meara was sitting on the stone chair by the sea side, my wife and I were flying around, for it was a splendid fishing day, and we saw everything that happened. My wife would tell the story better than I can, but she is much engaged with the eggs and does not leave home at present.

"As Cathleen sat curled up in the stone chair, she saw something rise from the water and come slowly and cautiously towards the shore. She sat still and watched. She was afraid of nothing out of doors; all her terrors were in the house. Closer and closer came the strange thing with swift, gliding motion. I knew what it was well enough, that white seal, and I was alarmed, for I was afraid some one with a gun might see her and shoot; but the little girl watched with breathless delight and interest till the creature reached the very marge of the shore. There the pretty seal stood up, and as the seal's skin fell from her, she was a lovely lady, and her long, yellow hair fell nearly to her ankles, and the wind blew it about her like a cloud.

"Cathleen sat still, fascinated; not at all frightened. There was on the lady's face a look such as the child had not seen since her mother died. The sea woman came hurrying toward Cathleen with outstretched arms,

and caught her and held her close with kisses and tears, murmuring over her words in a tongue Cathleen did not understand, but I knew what it was," said the sea gull; "it was Gaelic, and all the sea birds talk Gaelic—old, very old, such as she must have heard hundreds of years ago on the wild Irish shore, and have crooned over to that fisherman's children, and as she spoke the tears ran down her face.

"'Child!' she cried at last. 'I am your great grandmother, a long way back.'

"'But grandmothers are old,' said Cathleen, 'and you are young.'

"'I am so old,' said the lady, 'that I am older than any grandmother in the world. I am so old that I am young forever.'

"'Oh, yes, I see,' said Cathleen, and she seemed satisfied, though really," said the sea gull, "my wife and I are agreed that this remark sounded like nonsense; but here Cathleen broke out into lamentation and said with sobs and tears :

"'Oh, grandmother, take me away with you! I am so miserable—so very miserable!'

"'Yes, I am going to take you away,' said the lady. 'You are the first of all my grandchildren who has been enough like me to go with me. All the others have always been afraid of me. Oh, child! I have been waiting for you so long,' and then she held the little girl from her and looked into her face with eager, searching eyes. Now the daughters of the sea are all as white as the foam, and have blue eyes, and their hair is yellow; but Cathleen's hair was black, and her eyes gray, like the deep sea when there is a cloud on the sky; and as the lady looked at her she sighed.

"'Grandmother,' said Cathleen eagerly, 'will you show me the coral grove and the purple mullets?'

"'I will show you all that and more. Come, let us be going.'

"'Aunt will think I am drowned,' said Cathleen.

"The lady smiled and then she gathered together a bunch of dry sea weed. She laid it straight along the shore, and when she had patted it and whispered to it, you would have said that a little drowned, dead Cathleen lay there on the stones.

"'What is that?' asked the lady.

"'Sea weed, grandma,' said Cathleen.

"The lady smiled, with a look of triumph.

"'You are all ours,' she said. 'The spell has no power over your eyes. Come! they wait for me at home, and I must not be longer away.'

"She drew from under her own seal skin, which she carried over her arm, a second one smaller than hers, and laughing softly, she undressed Cathleen and slipped the smooth, white covering over the child, and in a minute you would have said these were two white seals, older and younger, on the shore. The next minute both were at the water's edge, and then the surf was breaking around them and they were gone; but I heard a strange, wild, sweet song coming up from the sea.

"And that," said the sea gull, stretching his wings out, "is the real truth of the story. They found what they thought was the dead child; but I know better. Cath-

leen is not dead at all. She is with her grandmother. I should like the truth to be known."

"And you think this sea lady was the fisherman's wife," said I, "and that Cathleen was descended from that pair?"

"I am sure of it," said the sea gull, who seemed a positive little fowl. "I wish you would tell the story just as it is."

"I am quite willing to tell it," said I; but I doubt if anyone would believe it. You know young people are very wise now-a-days."

The sea gull spread his wings and, without even saying good bye, rose high in air, and sped out to sea, vanishing like a dream.

I arose and went home, not quite sure whether the bird was not a dream bird, after all; but, whatever he was, this is Cathleen's story as the sea gull told it to me.

ROVER.

By "MERLE."



ROVER is papa's dog. He is very large, and has a shaggy coat of hair; but he is a kind dog, and plays with me in the garden. He will carry a basket with a dime in it to the butcher's, and bring home his own meat; or he will carry my doll in his mouth, and not hurt it at all, he is so gentle.

He is fond of going into the water, and I will tell you what he did one day. Some little boys were sailing a paper boat, and one of them fell into the water, and Rover jumped in and brought him out. The boy's mamma petted Rover, and gave him all sorts of good things to eat for saving her boy.

Rover is fond of sugar, and he will sit up

and beg for it, when I hold a piece in my hand.

Mamma says when I was a baby she used to wheel me about the garden in my carriage until I was asleep, and then she left me under the trees, and Rover would watch over me.

He plays with our cat, and when the kittens were small he played with them, too, and never was cross with them. I used to put the kittens on his back, and he didn't mind it.

Papa says we are safe at night while Rover is in the house, because he is always on the watch while we are asleep, and mamma says if we are kind to dumb animals, they will show us love in return, and be faithful and true to us.



ROBBIE'S SLEIGH RIDE.

LITTLE ROBBIE, with his sleigh,
Went out upon a wintry day,
To try his skill
Upon the hill
Where the boys were all at play.

The slide was long, the hill was steep,
Around, the snow had drifted deep;
And, on his sleigh,
He sped away,
And found it hard to keep his seat.



Down, down the hill, at lightning speed,
Robbie flew, full straight indeed;
But, sad to say,
When just half way,
He did no longer take the lead.

He went no longer fast or slow,
For, striking on a stone below,
He upward bound,
And then soon found
A rest beneath the drifted snow.



BABY NORA LEE.

By GRANDMA GREENWOOD.

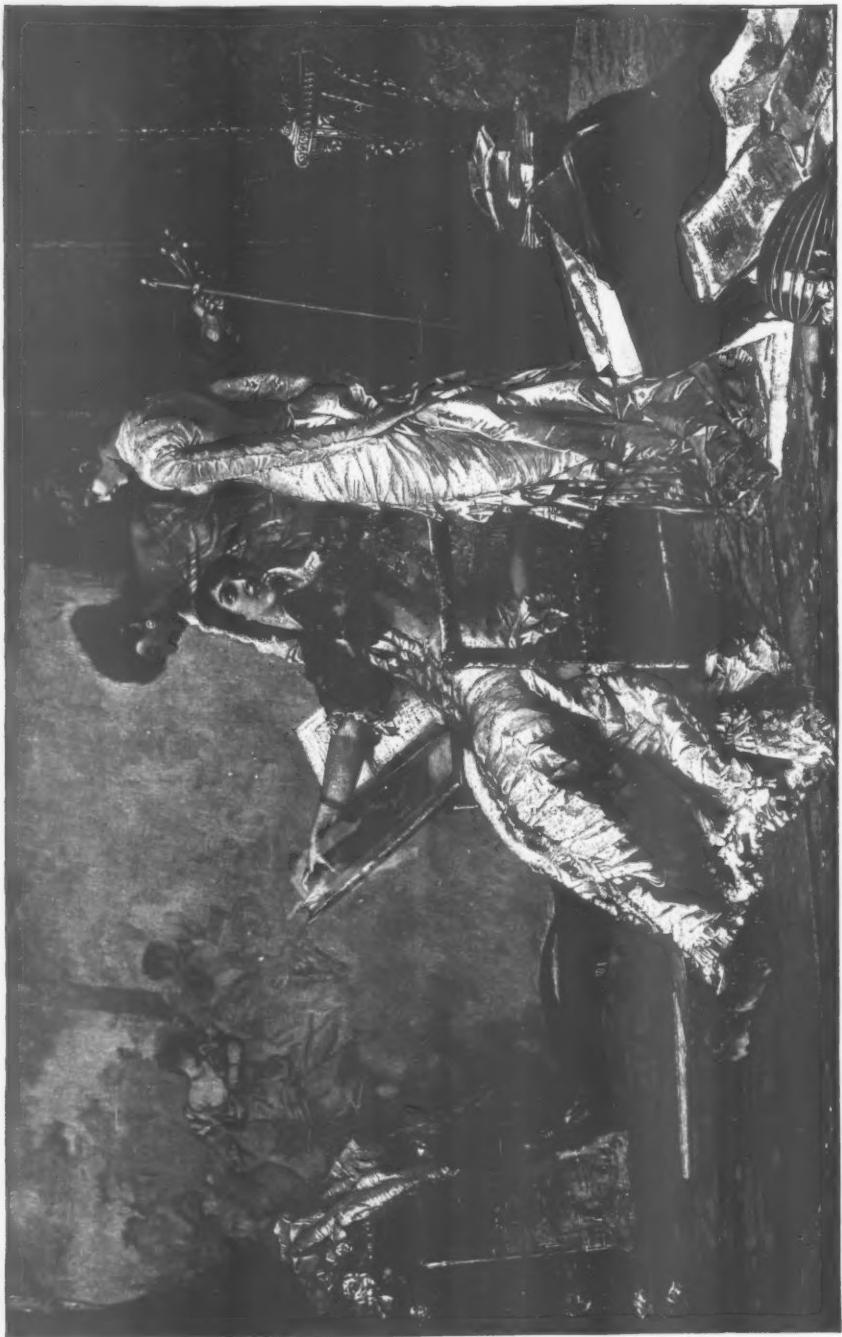
This is baby Nora Lee,
In her carriage lying ;
A lady she of high degree,
There's no use denying.

Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink,
Her hair is golden hue ;
She is a little queen, I think,
And born to rule—don't you ?

She rules the household night and day,
This baby Nora Lee ;
And how she makes them all obey,
I really cannot see ;

Unless it is her pretty ways,
Her smile so sweet and coy,
That sheds around, in shining rays,
The beams of love and joy.





VISIT TO A STUDIO.

After a drawing of Conrad Kiesel.